

By Fra: Quarles.

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William. Marshall. Sculprit. 1635.

Hæc Laus, hic Apex Sapien-
tiæ est, ea viventem appe-
tere, quæ morienti forent
appetenda.

T O M Y M V C H
H O N O U R E D, A N D N O
lesse truly beloved Friend
E D V V. B E N L O V V E S
Esquire.

My deare Friend,



*You have put the The-
orboe into my hand;
and I have playd: You
gave the Musitian the
first encouragement; the Musicke
returnes to you for Patronage. Had
it beene a light Ayre, no doubt but it
had taken the most; and, among
them, the worst: But being a grave
A 2 Strayne,*

Strayne, my hopes are , that it will
please the best ; and, among them,
You. Toyish Ayres please triviall
eares; They kisse the fancy, and be-
tray it: They cry, Haile, first; and,
after, Crucifie: Let Dorrs
delight to immerd themselves in
dung, whilst Eagles scorne so poore
a Game as Flies. Sir, You have
Art, and Candor: Let the one
judge, let the other excuse

Your most affecti-
onate Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE READER.



AN Embleme is but a silent Parable. Let not the tender Eye checke, to see the allusion to our blessed SAVIOUR figured, in these Types. In holy Scripture, He is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes, a Fisher; sometimes, a Physitian: And why not presented so, as well to the eye, as to the eare? Before the knowledge of letters, GOD was knowne by *Hieroglyphicks*; And, indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of His Glory? I have no more to say. I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in the writing. Farewell Reader.

BY Fathers, backt; by Holy Writ, led on,
Thou shew'st a way to Heav'n, by Helicon:
The Muses Font is consecrate by Thee,
And Poesie, baptiz'd Divinitie;
Blest soule, that here embark'st: Thou say'st apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by Wit, or Grace,
Each Muse so plyes her Oare: But O, the Sayle
Is fill'd from heav'n with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why should not I
Approve, in Verse, this Divine Poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the Presse;
I must no more, nor could the Truth say lesse.

Sic approbavit **RICH. LOVE**

Procan. Cantabrigienfis.

Tot Flores, QUARLES, quot Paradisus, habet.
Lectori bene-male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hoc Flores, Qui carpit, Uterq̃

Iure potest VIOLAS dicere, jure ROSAS.

Non è Parnasso VIOLAM, Pæstivè ROSETO

Carpit Apollo, magis quæ sit amœna, ROSAM.

Quot Versus, VIOLAS legis; & Quem verba locutum

Credis, verba dedit; Nàm dedit Ille ROSAS.

Vtq̃; Ego non dicam hæc VIOLAS suavissima; Tute

ipse facis VIOLAS, Livide, si violas.

Nàm velût è VIOLIS sibi fugit Aranea virus:

Vertis ità in succos Hasq̃, ROSASq̃; tuos.

Quas violas Musas, VIOLAS puto; quasq̃; recusas

Dente tuo rosas, has, reor, esse ROSAS.

Sic rosas, facis esse ROSAS, dùm, Zoile, rodis:

Sic facis, has, VIOLAS, Livide, dum violas.

Brent-Hall. 1634.

EDVV. BENLOEVES.



Dum Cælum aspicio, Solum despicio.

will: marshall scul:

THE FIRST BOOKE.

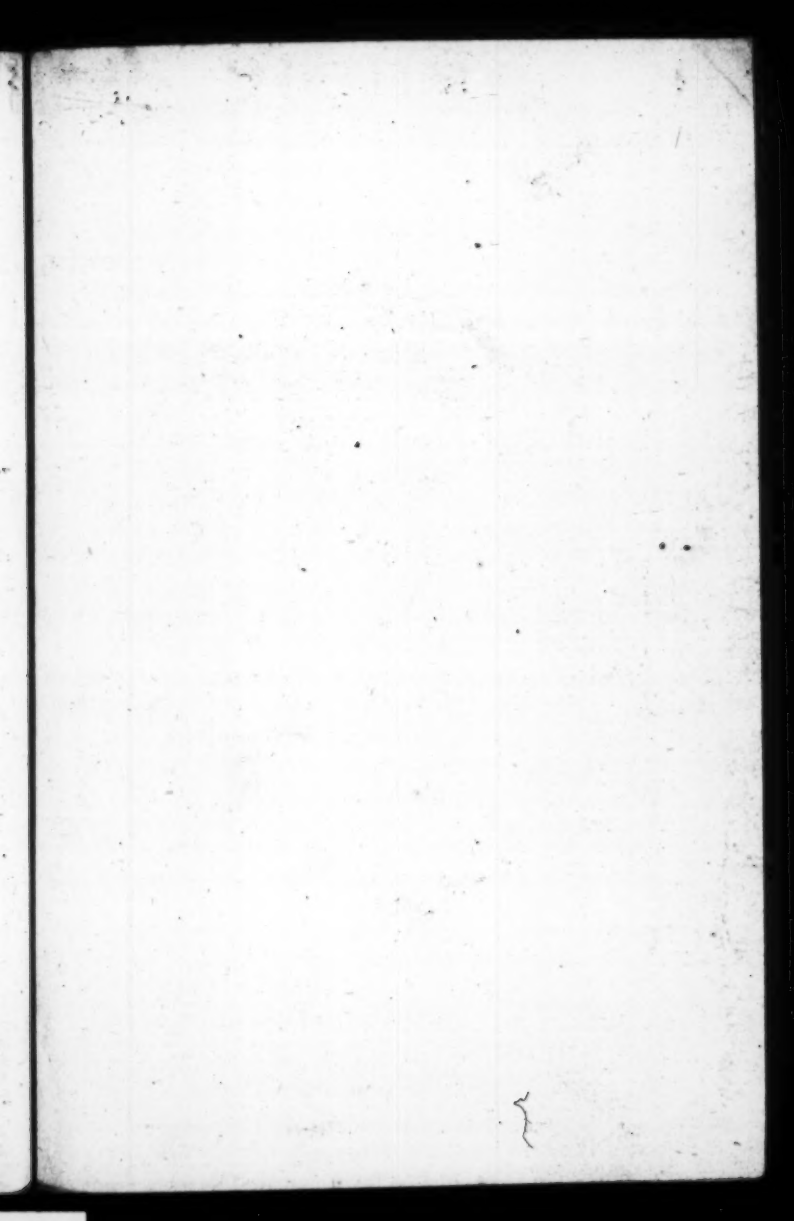
The Invocation.

Rowze thee, my soul, and dreine thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts : Skrue up the heighthned pegs
Of thy Sablime Theorboe foure notes higher,
And higher yet ; that so, the shrill-mouth'd Quire
Of swift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyne,
And make thy Consort more than halfe divine :
Invoke no Muse ; Let heav'n be thy *Apollo* ;
And let his sacred Influences hallow
Thy high-bred Straynes ; Let his full beames inspire
Thy ravisht braines with more heroick fire ;
Snatch thee a Quill from the spread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing :
Cast off these dangling Plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring hearr, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth ; Let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appeare
A thin blew Lanskip ; Let thy pineons soare
So high a pitch, that men may seeme no more
Than Pismires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy eare untroubled with their frantick mirth ;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturbe
Thy new-concluded peace ; Let Reason curbe

Thy

Thy hot-mouth'd Passion ; and let heav'ns fire season
 The fresh Conceits of thy corrected Reason ;
 Disdaine to warme thee at Lusts smoaky fires,
 Scorne, scorne to feed on thy old bloat desires :
 Come ; come, my Soule, hoyle up thy higher Sayles,
 The wind blowes faire : Shall we still creepe like Snayles,
 That gild their wayes with their owne native slimes ?
 No, we must flie like Eagles, and our Rhimes
 Must mount to heav'n, and reach th'Olympick eare ;
 Our heav'n-blowne fire must seek no other Spheare :

Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'st and crown'st
 Thy gifts in dust ; and, from our dunghill, own'st
 Reflected Honour, taking by Retayle,
 (What thou hast giv'n in grosse) from lapsed, fraile,
 And sinfull man, that drink'st full draughts, wherein
 Thy Childrens leprous fingers, scurf'd with Sin,
 Have padled, cleanse, O cleanse my crafty Soule
 From secret Crimes, and let my thoughts controule
 My thoughts : O, teach me stoutly to deny
 My selfe, that I may be no longer I ;
 Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
 Refine my drosse, O, wink at humane faults ;
 And, through this slender Conduit of my Quill,
 Convey thy Current, whose cleare streames may fill
 The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise ;
 Crowne me with Glory : Take, who list, the Bayes.



I.



Fructus mundus in maligno (mali ligno) positus est.

Will Marshall sculp:

I.

IAM. I. XIV.

*Every man is tempted, when he is drawne
away by his own lust, and enticed.*

Serpent.

Eve.

Serp. **N**Or eat? Not tast? Not touch? Not cast an eye
Vpon the Fruit of this faire Tree? And why?
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canst thou think that bad, which heav'n cal'd Good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour voyd:
Blessings unus'd pervert into a Wast,
As well as Surfeits; Woman, Do but tast:
See how the laden boughs make silent Suit
To be enjoyd; Look, how their bending Fruit
Meet thee halfe way; Observe but how they crouch
To kisse thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure Vermilian blush has dy'd
Their swelling Cheeks, and how, for shame, they hide
Their palſie heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but cast an eye;
What bounteous heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not;
Come, pull and eat; y'abuse the things ye use not.

Eve. Wisest of Beasts, our great Creator did,
Reserve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which, doubtlesse, are
As pleasing to the Taste, to th'eye, as faire;

But

But touching this, his strict commands are such,
'Tis death to tast, no lesse than death, to touch.

Serp. P'sh; death's a fable: Did not heav'n inspire
Your equall Elements with living Fire,
Blowne from the Spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortall? Come; ye are as free from death
As He that made ye: Can the flames expire
Which He has kindled? Can ye quench His fire?
Did not the great Creators voice proclaiming
What ere he made (from the blue spangled frame
To the poore leafe that trembles) very Good?
Blest He not both the Feeder, and the Food?
Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue
From such blest Food, to such Halfe-gods as you?
Curb needlesse feares, and let no fould conceit
Abuse your freedome; woman, Take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true; we are immortall; death is yet
Vnborne; and, till Rebellion make it debt,
Vndue; I know the Fruit is good, untill
Presumptuous disobedience make it ill:
The lips that open to this Fruit's a portall
To let in death, and makes immortall, mortall.

Serp. You cannot die; Come, woman, Tast and feare not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* transgresse? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous Arme?
Harne onely fals on such as feare a Harne:
Heav'n knowes and feares the vertue of this Tree:
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He;
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondnesse never
Feare death; Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
To do as to desire: Fruit's made for food:

Ile pull, and tast, and tempt my *Adam* too

To know the secrets of this dainty; *Serp.* Doe.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forc'd him not : He touch'd him not : Onely said, Cast thy
 selfe downe ; that we may know, whoſoever obeyes the Divell,
 caſts himſelfe downe ; For the Divell may ſuggeſt ; compell, he
 cannot.

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the Divels part to ſuggeſt ; Ours, not to conſent : As oft
 as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him: as often as we over-
 came him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God,
 Who propoſes us, that we may contend, and aſſiſts us, that we may
 conquer.

EPIG. I.

Vnluckie Parliament ! wherein, at laſt,
 Both Houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
 An Act of death, confirm'd by higher Powers :
 O had it had but ſuch ſucceſſe as Ours,

II.



Sic malum cecit vnicum in omne malum.

Will. Marshall sculptor

II.

IAM. I. XV.

*Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth
forth sin; and sin when it is finished,
bringeth forth death.*

¹
Lament, lament; Looke, looke what thou hast done!
Lament the worlds, lament thy owne Estate;
Looke, looke, by doing, how thou art vndone;
Lament thy fall; lament thy change of State:
Thy Faith is broken, and thy Freedome gone,
See, see too soone, what thou lament'st too late:
O thou that wert so many men; nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy desp'rate fall
Destruid thy unborne seed, destruid thy selfe withall!

²
Vxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equall to Angels, that excell in pow'r;
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obeyd
Thy owne destruction? Like a new-cropt flowre
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an houre!
How art thou cow'd, that hadst the pow'r to quell
The spite of new-faln Angels; baffle Hell,
And vye with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell!

3

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant wombe,
 Of late, conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
 Is now degenerated, and become
 A base Adulteresse, whose false Births do fill
 The Earth with Monsters, Monsters that do roome
 And rage about, and make a Trade, to kill:
 Now Glutt'ny paunches; Lust begins to spawn;
 Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice, a pawne;
 Pale Envy pines; Pride swells; and Sloth begins to yawne.

4

The Ayre, that whisper'd, now begins to roare,
 And blustering Boreas blowes the boyling Tide;
 The white-mouth'd Water now usurpes the Shore,
 And scornes the pow'r of her trydentall Guide;
 The Fire now burnes, that did but warme before,
 And rules her Ruler with resistlesse Pride;
 Fire, Water, Earth and Ayre, that first were made
 To be subdu'd, see, how they now invade;
 They rule whom once they serv'd; cōmand, where once obaid.

5

Behold; that nakednesse, that late bewraide
 Thy Glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;
 Behold; those Trees whose various Fruits were made
 For food, now turn'd a Shade to shrowd thee under:
 Behold; That voice (which thou hast disobayd)
 That late was Musick, now affrights like Thunder:
 Poore man! Are not thy Ioynts grown sore with shaking,
 To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, (king?)
 That in one houre didst marre, what heav'n six dayes was making.

S. A V G V S T. lib. I de lib. arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that Freedom which man would not use, yet had power to keep if he would; And that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right; And that he who would not doe righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it, when he had the will.

H V G O de anima.

They are justly punished that abuse lawfull things, but they are more justly punished, that use unlawfull things; Thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his Paradise.

E P I G. 2.

See how these fruitfull kernels, being cast
Vpon the earth, how thick they spring ! how fast !
A full-ear'd Crop, and thriving ; rank and proud ;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

B z

III.



Ut potior, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

III.

PROV. XIV. XIII.

*Even in laughter the heart is sorrowfull, and
the end of that mirth is heavinesse.*

A Las fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for Hony from a nest of wasps?
Thou maist as well
Go seek for ease in Hell,
Or sprightly Nectar from the mouthes of Asps.

The world's a Hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soules vexation brings:
Put case thou meet
Some peti-peti-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why dost thou make
These murm'ring Troupes forsake
The safe Protection of their waxen Homes?
This Hive containes
No sweet that's worth thy paines;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty Combes.

4

For trash and Toyes,
 And grieve-ingendring Ioyes
 What torment seemes too sharpe for flesh and blood !
 What bitter Pills,
 Compos'd of reall Ills,
 Man swallowes downe, to purchase one false Good !

5

The dainties here,
 Are least what they appeare ;
 Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition, sowre :
 The fruit that's yellow,
 Is found not alwayes mellow,
 The fairest Tulip's not the sweetest flowre.

6

Fond youth, give ore,
 And vexe thy soule no more,
 In seeking, what were better far unfound ;
 Alas thy gaines
 Are onely present paines
 Together Scorpions for a future wound.

7

What's earth ? or in it,
 That longer than a minit
 Can lend a free delight, that can endure ?
 O who would droyle,
 Or delve in such a soyle,
 Where gaine's uncertaine, and the paine is sure ?

S. AVGVST.

Sweetnesse in temporall matters is deceitfull ; It is a labour and a perpetuall feare ; It is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

H V G O.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her taile.

E P I C. 3.

What, *Cupid*, Are thy shafts already made ?
And seeking Honey, to set up thy Trade ?
True Embleme of thy sweets ! Thy Bees do bring
Hony in their mouthes, but in their tailles, a sting.

B 4

IV.



Quis leuior? cui Iesus pondus addit amor.

Will. Marshall sculp. sc.

IV.

PSAL. LXII. IX.

*To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether
lighter than vanitie.*

I

PVt in another weight : 'Tis yet, too light ;
And yet . Fond *Cupid*, put another in ;
And yet, another : Still there's under weight ;
Put in another Hundred : Put agin :
Add world to world ; then heape a thousand more
To that ; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take vp more worlds on trust, to draw thy Balance lower,

2

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure ;
Put in great *Mammons* endlesse Inventory ;
Put in the pondrous Acts of mighty *Cesar* ;
Put in the greater weight of *Suedens* Glory ;
Add *Scipios* gauntlet ; put in *Platos* Gowne ;
Put *Circes* Charmes, put in the Triple Crowne,
Thy Balance will not draw ; thy Balance will not downe,

3

L O R D, what a world is this ; which, day and night,
Men seek with so much toyle, with so much trouble !
Which, weigh'd in equall Scales, is found so light,
So poorely over-balanc'd with a Bubble ;

Good

Good G O D ! that frantick mortals should destroy
 Their higher Hopes, and place their idle Ioy
 Vpon such ayry Trash, vpon so light a Toy !

4

Thou bold Imposture, how hast thou befool'd
 The Tribe of Man, with counterfeited desire !
 How has the breath of thy false bellowes cool'd
 Heav'ns free-borne flames, and kindled bastard fire !
 How hast thou vented Dross instead of treasure,
 And cheated man with thy false weights and measure,
 Proclaiming Bad for Good; and gilding death with pleasure !

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet, most affecting,
 And closely following those that most reject her ;
 But seeming carelesse, nicely disrespecting
 And coyly flying those that most affect her :
 If thou be free, shee's strange ; if strange, shee's free ;
 Flee, and she followes ; Follow, and shee'l flee ;
 Than she there's none more coy; there's none more fond than
 (shee)

6

O, what a Crocadilian world is this,
 Compos'd of trech'ries, and ensnaring wiles !
 She cloathes destruction in a formall kisse,
 And lodges death in her deceitfull smiles :
 She hugs the soule she hates ; and, there, does prove
 The veryest Tyrant, where she vowes to love :
 And is a Serpent most, when most she seemes a Dove.

7

Thrice happy He, whose nobler thoughts despise
 To make an Object of so easie Gaiues ;
 Thrice happy He, who scornes so poore a Prize
 Should be the Crowne of his heroick paines :
 Thrice happy He, that nev'r was borne to trie
 Her frownes or smiles ; or, being borne, did lie
 In his sad Nurses Armes an houre or two, and die.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crown'd with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travell from lesser to greater perills? O let all her vaine, light, and momentary glory perish with her selfe, and let us be conversant with more eternall things: Alas, this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

EPIG. 4.

My soule; What's lighter than a feather? Wind:
Than wind? The fire: And what than fire? The mind:
What's lighter than the mind? A thought: Than Thought?
This bubble-world: What, than this Bubble? Nought.

V.



Hic vestitur orbis.

Will. Marshall. sculpfit.

V.

I. COR. VII. XXXI.

*The fashion of this world passeth
away.*

GONE are those golden dayes, wherein
Pale Conscience started not at ugly sin ;
When good old *Saturnus* peacefull Throne
Was unsurped by his beardlesse Sonne :
When jealous *Ops* nev'r fear'd th'abuse
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptiall Truce :
When just *Astrea* poys'd her Scales
In mortall hearts, whose absence earth bewailes ;
When froth-borne *Venus*, and her Brat,
With all that spurious brood young *Love* begat,
In horrid shapes, were yet unknowne ;
Those Halcyon dayes, that golden Age is gone ;
There was no Clyent then, to wait
The leisure of his long-rayl'd Advocate ;
The Talion Law was in request,
And Chaunc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry brest ;
Abused Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deale secure, without Indentures ;
There was no peeping hole, to cleare
The Wittols eye from his incarnate feare ;

There

There were no lustfull Cinders, then,
 To broyle the Carbonado'd hearts of men ;
 The rosie Cheeke did, then, proclaime
 A shame of Guilt, but not a guilt of Shame ;
 There was no whining soule, to start
 At *Cupids* twang, or curse his flaming dart ;
 The Boy had, then, but callow wings,
 And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no stings ;
 The better acted world did move
 Vpon the fixed Poles of Truth and Love ;
 Love essenc'd in the hearts of men ;
 Then, Reason rul'd ; There was no Passion, then ;
 Till Lust and Rage began to enter,
 Love the Circumf'rence was, and Love, the Center ;
 Vntill the wanton dayes of *Love* ;
 The simple world was all compos'd of Love ;
 But *Love* grew fleshly, false, unjust ;
 Inferiour Beauty fill'd his veynes with Lust ;
 And Cucqueane *Iunos* Fury hurld
 Fierce Balls of Rage into th'incestuous World :
Astrea fled ; and Love return'd
 From earth : Earth boyl'd with Lust ; with Rage, it burn'd
 And ever since the world has beene
 Kept going with the scourge of Lust, and Spleene.

S. AMBROS.

Lust is a sharpe spurre to vice, which alwayes puts the Affections into a false Gallop.

HUGO.

Lust is an immoderate wantonnesse of the flesh : a sweet poyson ; a cruell pestilence ; a pernitiuous potion, which weakens the body of man, and effeminates the strength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity : In respect of Superiours, because they are not equall to them ; In respect of Inferiours, lest they should be equall to them ; In respect of equals, because they are equall to them : Through Envy proceeded the fall of the world, and the death of Christ.

EPIG. 5.

What? *Cupid*, must the world be lasht so soone?
 But made at morning, and be whipt at noone?
 'Tis like the Wagg that playes with *Venus* Drives,
 The more 'tis lasht, the more perverse it proves.

VI.



In cœuæ tuta quies

Will. Marshall. Sculpfit.

VI.

ECCLES. II. XVII.

*All is vanitie and vexation of
spirit.*

1

HOW is the anxious soule of man befool'd
 In his desire,
 That thinks a Hectick Fever may be cool'd
 In flames of fire,
 Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnisht gold
 From nasty myre !
 A whining Lover may as well request
 A scornfull brest
 To melt in gentle teares, as woo the world for rest.

2

Let wit, and all her studied plots effect
 The best they can ;
 Let smiling Fortune prosper, and perfect
 What wit began ;
 Let earth advise with both, and so project
 A happy man ;
 Let wit, or fawning Fortune vie their best ;
 He may be blest
 With all that earth can give : but earth can give no Rest.

C

Whose

Whose Gold is double with a carefull hand,³
 His cares are double ;
 The Pleasure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land
 Bring but a trouble ;
 The world it selfe, and all the worlds Command
 Is but a Bubble :
 The strong desires of mans insatiate brest
 May stand possess
 Of all that earth can give ; but earth can give no Rest.

The world's a seeming Par^dise, but her owne⁴
 And Mans Tormenter ;
 Appearing fixt, yet but a rolling Stone,
 Without a Tenter ;
 It is a vast Circumference, where none
 Can find a Center :
 Of more than earth, can earth make none possess ;
 And he that least
 Regards this restless world, shall in this world find Rest.

True Rest consists not in the oft revying⁵
 Of worldly drosse ;
 Earths myty Purchase is not worth the buying ;
 Her gaine is losse ;
 Her Rest, but giddy toyle, if not relying
 Vpon her Crosse ;
 How worldlings droyle for trouble ! That fond brest
 That is possess
 Of earth without a Crosse, has earth without a Rest.

CASS. in Ps.

The Crosse is the invincible Sanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud; the victory of Christ; the destruction of the Divell; the confirmation of the faithfull; the death of the unbeliever; the life of the just.

DAMASCEN.

The Crosse of Christ is the key of Paradise; the weake mans staffe; the Converts Convoy, the upright mans perfection; the soule and bodies health, the prevention of all evill, and the procurer of all Good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldling, whose whimpring folly holds the losses
Of Honour, Pleasure, health and Wealth such Crosse,
Looke here, and tell me what your Armes engrosse,
When the best end of what ye hugg's a Crosse.

C 2

VII.



Latet hostis, et otia ducis?

W. Marshall sculp:

VII.

I PET. V. VIII.

*Be sober; Be vigilant, because your adversary
the Divell, as a roaring Lion walketh about
seeking whom he may devour.*

I

WHy dost thou suffer lustfull sloth to creepe
(Dull Cyprian lad) into thy wanton browes?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vowes
At *Morpheus* Shrine? Is this a time to sleepe
Thy braines in wastfull slumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden spirits; Is this a time to sleepe?
Adjourne thy sanguine dreames; Awake, arise;
Call in thy Thoughts, and let them all advise,
Hadst thou as many Heads, as thou hast wounded Eyes.

2

Looke, looke, what horrid Furies doe await
Thy flattering slumbers; If thy drowzie head
But chance to nod, thou fallest into a Bed
Of sulphurous flames, whose Torments want a date:
Fond Boy, be wise; let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom; Fooles are wise too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy Reason sever
Those Gates which passion clos'd; wake now, or never:
For if thou nod'st, thou fallest; and, falling, fallest for ever.

C 3

Mark,

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare ;
 His Bow is bent, and he has notch'd his dart ;
 He aimes, he levels at thy slumbring heart ;
 The wound is posting ; O be wise , Beware :
 What? has the voice of danger lost the art
 To raise the spirit of neglected Care ?
 Well; sleep thy fill; and take thy soft repofes ;
 But know withall, sweet tafts have fower closes ;
 And he repents in Thornes, that fleeps in Beds of Roses.

4

Yet, fluggard, wake, and gull thy foule no more,
 With earths false pleasure, and the worlds delight,
 Whose fruit is faire, and pleasing to the fight,
 But fowre in taft ; false, at the putrid Core :
 Thy flaring Glaffe is Gemms at her halfe light ;
 She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poore :
 She boasts a kernell, and bestowes a Shell ;
 Performes an Inch of her faire promis'd Ell ;
 Her words protest a Heav'n ; Her works produce a Hell.

5

O thou, the fountaine of whose better part
 Is earth'd, and gravil'd up with vaine desire,
 That daily wallow'ft in the fleshy mire
 And bafe pollution of a lustfnll heart,
 That feel'ft no passion but in wanton fire,
 And own'ft no torment but from *Cupids* dart ;
 Behold thy Type ; Thou sittst upon this Ball
 Of earth, secure, while death, that flings at all,
 Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy fall.

S. BERN.

*Security is nowhere : It is neither in heaven; nor in Paradise;
much lesse in the world : In heaven, the Angels fell from the di-
vine presence ; In Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure;
In the world, Judas fell from the Schoole of our Saviour.*

H V G O.

*I eat secure; I drink secure : I sleepe secure, even as though I
had past the day of death, avoided the day of judgement, and esca-
ped the torments of hell fire : I play and laugh, as though I were
already triumphing in the kingdome of heaven.*

EPIG. 7.

*Get up, my soule ; Redeeme thy slavish eyes,
From drowzy Bondage : O beware ; Be wise :
Thy Foe's before thee ; thou must fight, or flie :
Life lies most open in a closed Eye.*

C 4

VIII.



Et risu necat.

W. Marshall. Sc.

VIII:

LVKE VI. XXV.

*Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall
mourne and weepe.*

THe world's a popular disease, that raignes
Within the froward heart, and frantick braines
Of poore distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th' unequall poyssing
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whose light directs
Malignant humors to maligne Effects:
One raves, and labours with a boyling Liver;
Rends haire by handfuls, cursing *Cupids* Quiver:
Another, with a Bloody-fluxe of oathes,
Vowes deepe Revenge; one dotes: the other loathes;
One frisks and sings, and vyes a Flagon more
To drench dry Cares; and makes the Welkin rore;
Another droopes; the sunshine makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please; One's moap'd; the tother's mad;
One huggs his Gold; Another lets it flie,
He knowing not, for whom; nor, tother, why:
One spends his day in Plots; his night, in Play;
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; tother cries for that;
But neither one, nor tother knowes for what:
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our disease, we hugg as our delight:

'Tis

'Tis held a Symptome of approaching danger,
When disacquainted Sense becomes a stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old disease;
But when a noysome Griefe begins to please
The unrelisting Sense, it is a feare
That death has parlyed, and compounded there:
As when the dreadfull Thund'ers awefull hand
Powres forth a Viall on th'infected land,
At first th'affrighted Mortalls, quake, and feare,
And ev'ry noyle is thought the Thunderer;
But when the frequent Soule-departing Bell
Has pay'd their eares with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine dayes wonder,
They neither feare the Thund'rer, nor his Thunder;
So when the world (a worse disease) began
To smart for sin, poore new-created Man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew, by his wages, what his hands had done;
But bold-fac'd Mortalls, in our blushlesse times,
Can sin and smile, and make a sport of Crimes,
Transgresse of Custome, and rebell in ease;
We false-joy'd fooles can triumph in disease,
And (as the carelesse pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a Fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waite our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

H v G o de anima.

What profit is there in vaine Glory, momentary mirth, the worlds power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? Where is their mirth? Where their Insolence? their Arrogance? From how much joy, to how much sadnesse! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen to how great torments! What haile fallen to them, may befall thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; Thou shalt returne to earth. Death expects thee every where; be wise therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

69 What ayles the foole to laugh? Does somthing please
His vaine conceit? Or is't a meere disease?
Foole, giggle on, And wast thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.



Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum?

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

IX.

I IOH. II. XVII.

*The world passeth away, and all the
lusts thereof.*

1

Draw neare, brave sparks, whose spirits scorne to light
Your hallow'd Tapours, but at Honours flame;
You, whose heroick Actions take delight
To varnish over a new painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th'Icarian wings of babbling Fame,
Behold, how tottring are your high-built stories
Of earth, whereon you trust the groundwork of your Glories.

2

And you, more braine-sick Lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternall Ioyes;
That know no heav'n but in your Mistresse eyes;
That feele no pleasure but what sense enjoyes;
That can, like crowne-distemper'd fooles, despise
True riches, and like Babies, whine for Toyes;
Think ye, the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it selfe's unstable?

3

Come dunghill worldlings; you, that root like swine,
And cast up golden Trenches, where ye come,

Whose

Whose onely pleasure is to undermine,
 And view the secrets of your mothers wombe;
 Come bring your Saint, pouch'd in his leather Shrine,
 And summon all your griping Angels home;
 Behold your world, the Bank of all your store;
 The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4

A feeble world; whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tyre
 Before the Race, before the start, retrain;
 A faithlesse world, whose false delights expire
 Before the terme of halfe their promis'd Date;
 A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
 Where ev'ry Chance proclaimes a Change of State:
 A feeble, faithlesse, fickle world, wherein
 Each motion proves a vice, and ev'ry Act, a Sin.

5

The Beauty, that of late, was in her flowre,
 Is now a ruine, not to raise a Lust;
 He that was lately dcench'd in *Danaes* showre,
 Is Master, now, of neither Gold, nor Trust;
 Whose Honour, late, was mann'd with princely pow'r,
 His glory now lies buried in the dust;
 O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
 That gives and takes, and chops, and changes ev'ry minit!

6

Nor length of dayes, nor solid strength of Braine
 Can find a place wherein to rest secure;
 The world is various, and the Earth is vaine;
 There's nothing certaine here, there's nothing sure:
 We trudge, we travell but from paine to paine,
 And what's our onely grieve's our onely Cure:
 The World's a Torment; he that would endeavor
 To find the way to Rest, must seek the way to leave her.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold, the world is withered in it selfe, yet flourisheth in our hearts; every where, death; every where griefe; every where, desolation: On every side we are smitten; on every side fill'd with bitternesse, and yet with the blind mind of carnall desire we love her bitternesse; It flies, and we follow it; it fals, yet we sticke to it: And because we cannot enjoy it fallen, we fall with it; and enjoy it, fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune hale, or envious Time but spurne,
The world turnes round; and, with the world, we turne;
When Fortune sees, and Lynx-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll trust thy Ioyes, O world, Till then, the Wind.

X.



Veriusq; crepundia Merces.
Wit. Marshall Sculpit.

X.

IOH. VIII. XLIV.

*Yee are of your father the Devill, and the
lusts of your father yee will doe.*

Here's your right ground : Wagge gently ore this Black ;
Tis a short Cast ; y are quickly at the Iack :
Rubbe, rubbe an Inch or two ; Two Crownes to one
On this Boules side ; Blow winde ; T'is fairely throwne ;
The next Boule's worse that comes ; Come houle away ;
Mammon, you know the ground un-tutor'd, Play ;
Your last was gone ; A yeard of strength, well spar'd,
Had touch'd the Block ; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which, without pastime, flies too swift away !
See how they labour ; as if day and night
Were both too short, to serve their loose delight ;
See how their curved bodies wreathe, and skue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew :
One raps an oath ; another deales a curse ;
Hee never better bould ; this, never worse :
One, rubbes his itchlesse Elbow, shrugges, and laughs ;
The tother bends his beetle-browes, and chafes ;
Sometime they whoope ; sometimes their Stigian cries
Send their Black-*Santos* to the blushing Skies ;
Thus, mingling Humors in a mad confusion,
They make bad Premises, and worse Conclusion :

But where's the Palme that Fortunes hand allowes
 To blesse the Victors honourable Browes ?
 Come, Reader, come; Ile light thine eye the way
 To view the Prize, the while the Gamesters play;
 Close by the Iack, behold Gill Fortune stands
 To wave the game; See, in her partiall hands
 The glorious Garland's held in open show,
 To cheare the Ladds, and crowne the Conq^rers brow;
 The world's the Iack, The Gamsters that contend,
 Are *Cupid, Mammon*: That juditious Friend,
 That gives the ground, is *Sathan*; and the Boules
 Are sinfull Thoughts: The Prize, a Crowne for Fooles.
 Who breathes that boules not? what bold tongue can say
 Without a blush, he hath not bould to day?
 It is the Trade of man; And ev'ry Sinner
 Has plaid his Rubbers, Every Soule's a winner.
 The vulgar Proverb's crost: Hee hardly can
 Be a good Bouler and an Honest man.
 Good God, turne thou my Brazil thoughts anew,
 New soale my Boules, and make their Bias true:
 I'll cease to game, till fairer Ground be given,
 Nor wish to winne untill the Marke be Heaven.

S. BERNARD. lib. de Confid.

O you Sonnes of Adam, you covetous Generation, what have yee to doe with earthly Riches, which are neither true, nor yours. Gold and silver are reall earth red, and white, which the onely error of man makes, or rather reputes pretious: In short, If they be yours, carry them with you.

S. HIEROME in Ep:

O Lust, thou infernall fire, whose Fuell is Gluttony, whose Flame is Pride, whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoake is infamie; whose Ashes are uncleane nesse; whose end is Hell.

EPIG. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd: Cupid bravely ledde;
Both Touchers; Equall Fortune makes a dead:
No Reede can measure where the Conquest lies;
Take my advise; Compound, and share the Prize.

D 2

XI.



Mundus in exitum euit.

Wm Marshall. sculpsit.

XI.

EPH. II. II.

*See walked according to the course of this
world, according to the Prince of the Aire.*

I

O Whither will this mad-braine world, at last,
Be driv'n ? where will her restlesse wheelles arive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd Payre so fast ?
O whether meanes her furious Groome to drive?
What? will her rambling Fits be never past ?
For ever ranging ? never once retrieve ?
Will earths perpetuall Progresse nere expire ?
Her Tēame continuing in their fresh Careire,
And yet they never rest, And yet they never tyre.

2

ols hot-mouth'd Steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brāzen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve houres taske perform'd, grow stiffe and lame,
And their immortall Spirits faint and tyre;
At th' Azure mountaines foote, their labours claime
The priviledge of Rest, where they retyre
To quench their burning Fetlocks, and to sleepe
Their flaming nostrils in the Westerne deepe,
And fresh their tyred soules with strength-restoring sleepe.

3

But these prodigious Hackneyes, basely got
 Twixt Men and Devils, made for Race, nor Flight,
 Can dragge the idle world, expecting not
 The bed of Rest, but travill with delight;
 Who neither weighing way, nor weather, trott
 Through dust and dirt, and droyle both night and day;
 Thus droyle these feinds incarnate, whose free paynes
 Are fed with dropies, and venereal Blaines.
 No need to use the whip; but strength, to rule the raynes.

4

Poore Captive world! How has thy lightnesse given
 A iust occasion to thy Foes illusion?
 O, how art thou betrayd, thus fayrely driven
 In seeming Triumph to thy owne confusion?
 How is thy empty universe bereiven
 Of all true Ioyes, by one false Ioyes delusion?
 So have I seene an unblowne virgin fed
 With sugard words so full, that thee is led
 A faire attended Bride, to a false Bankrupts Bed.

5

Pull gracious LORD; Let not thine Arme forsake
 The world; impounded in her owne devises;
 Thinke of that pleasure that thou once did take
 Amongst thy Lillies, and sweete Beds of spices:
 Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to flake
 The swift foot Fury of ten thousand Vices:
 Let not that dust-devouring Dragon beast,
 His craft has wonne, what Iudahs Lyon lost;
 Remember what it crav'd; Recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR: lib. 1. De summo bono.

By how much the nearer Satban perceives the world to an end,
by so much the more fiercely Hee troubles it with persecution; that
knowing himselfe is to be damned, hee may get company in his
damnation.

CYPRIAN. in ep:

Broad and spacious is the road to infernall life: There are ex-
ticements and death-bringing pleasures; There the Devill flat-
ters, that hee may deceive; Smiles, that hee may endamage; al-
lures, that he may destroy.

EPIG. II.

Nay soft and faire, good world; Post not too fast;
Thy Iourneys end requires not halfe this hast:
Vnlesse that Arme thou so disdainst, reprints thee,
Alas thou needs must goe: the devill drives thee.

XII.



Inopem me opia fecit.

Wilt. Marshall. Sculpsit.

XII.

ISAY LXVI. XI.

*Yee may suck, but not be satisfied with the
brest of her Consolation.*

1

VVHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd so fast (seise thee:
To th'earths full breast? For shame, for shame un-
Thou tak'st a surfeit, where thou shouldst but tast,
And mak'st too much not halfe enough, to please thee:
Ah foole, forbear; Thou swallow'st at one breath
Both food and poyson down; Thou drawst both milk & death.

2

The ub'rous breasts, when fairely drawne, repast
The thriving Infant with their milkie flood,
But being overstraind, retorne, at last,
Vnholsome Gulps compos'd of wind and blood;
A mod'rate use does both repast and please;
Who straines beyond a meane, draws in and gulps disease.

3

But, O, meane whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed;
Can Thornes bring grapes, or Crabs a pleasing juce?
Ther's nothing wholsome, where the whole's infected:
Vnseise thy lips, Earths milk's a ripned Core
That drops from her disease, that matters from her Sore.

Thinkst

4

Thinkst thou, that Paunch that burlyes out thy Coate,
 Is thriving Fat; or flesh, that seemes so brawny?
 Thy Paunch is droptied, and thy Cheekes are bloat;
 Thy lips are white and thy complexion, tawny;
 Thy skin's a Bladder blowne with watry tumors;
 Thy flesh, a trembling Bogge, a Quagmire full of humors.

5

And thou, whose thriyelesse hands are ever straying
 Earths fluent Brests, into an empty Sive,
 That alwaies hast, yet alwaies art complaining;
 And whin'st for more then earth has pow'r to give,
 Whose treasure flowes, and flees away as fast,
 That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast,

6

Goe choose a Substance, foole, that will remaine
 Within the limits of thy leaking measure;
 Or else goe seeke an Urne that will retaine
 The liquid Body of thy slipp'ry Treasure:
 Alas, how poorely are thy labours crownd!
 Thy liquors neither sweet, nor yet thy vessell sound.

7

What lesse then Foole is Man, to progge, and plott,
 And lavish out the Creame of all his care,
 To gaine poore seeming goods, which, being got,
 Make firme possession, but a Thorowfare:
 Or if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper,
 And being kept with care, they loose their carefull keeper.

S. GREG. Hom: 3. secund. parte Ezech.

If wee give more to the flesh then wee ought, wee nourish an Enemy; If we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a Citizen: The flesh is to be satisfied so farre as suffices to our good; whosoever allowes so much to her as to make her proud, knowes not how to be satisfied: To be satisfied, is a great Art; lest by the satiety of the flesh wee breake forth into the Iniquity of her Folly.

HYGO. de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desires great matters: It is not sufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

*What makes thee foole so fat? Foole, thee so Bare?
Yee suck the selfe same milke; the selfe same aire:
No meane, betwixt all Paunch; and skinne and bone?
The meane's a vertue, and the world has none.*

XIII.



*Da mihi fræna timor: Da mihi calcar amor:
R. Vaughan fecit.*

XIII.

IOH. III. XIX.

*Men love darknesse rather then light, be-
cause their deeds are evill.*

LORD, when we leave the World and come to Thee,
How dull! how slugge are wee?
How backward! how preposterous is the motion
Of our ungaine devotion!
Our thoughts are Millstones, and our soules are lead,
And our desires are dead:
Our vowes are fairely promised, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made:
Our better worke (if any good) attends
Vpon our private ends:
In whose performance one poore worldly scoffe
Foyles us, or beates us off:
If thy sharpe scourge finde out some secret fault,
Wee grumble, or revolt:
And if thy gentle hand forbear, wee stray,
Or idly loose the way:
Is the Roade faire? wee loyter: clogg'd With myre?
Wee sticke, or else retyre:
A Lambe appeares a Lyon; and we feare,
Each bush wee see's a Beare.

When

When our dull soules direct their thoughts to Thee,
The soft-pac'd Snayle is not so slow as wee:

But when at earth wee dart our wing'd desire,
We burne, we burne like fire:

Like as the am'rous needle joyes to bend
To her Magneticke Friend;

Or as the greedy Lover eye-balls flye
At his faire Mistres eye,

So, so we cling to earth; wee fly, and puff,
Yet fly not fast enough;

If Pleasure becken with her balmey hand,
Her becke's a strong command;

If Honour call us with her courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death:

If profits golden fingerd Charmes enveigle's;
Wee clip more swift then Eagles.

Let Auster weep, or blustering Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be sore:

Let Neptune swell untill his dropſie ſides
Buriſt into broken Tides:

Nor threatning Rockes, nor windes, nor waves, nor Fyre
Can curbe our fierce desire;

Nor Fire nor Rocks can stop our furious mindes,
Nor waves, nor windes;

How fast and fearlesse doe our footsteps flee!
The lightfoot Roe-buck's not so swift as wee.

S. AUGUST. sup. Psal: 64.

Two severall Loves built two severall Cities; The love of God builds a Ierusalem; The love of the world builds a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himselfe what he loves, and hee shall resolve himselfe, of whence hee is a Citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib. 3. Confess.

All things are driven by their owne weight, and tend to their own Center: My weight is my love; By that I am driven, whither-soever I am driven,

Ibidem.

LORD, he loves thee the lesse that loves any thing with thee, which he loves not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord scourge my Ass if hee should make no hast;
And curbe my Stagge if hee should flee too fast:
If hee be over swift, or shee prove idle,
Let Love lend him a spur: Feare, her, a Bridle.

XIV.



Prospere redde diem.

Will. Marshall Sculpsit.

XIV.

PSAL. XIII. III.

*Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleepe
the sleepe of death.*

Will't nere be morning? Will that promis'd light
Nere breake, and cleare these Clouds of night?
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day,
Whose conqu'ring Ray
May chase these fogges: Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble Flies
Expecting Spring! How long shall darknesse soyle
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our soules of rightfull action? when will day
Begin to dawne, whose new-borne Ray
May gild the Wether-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unfoul'd soules new motion?
Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day,
Thy light will fray
These horrid Mists; Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day:

Let those have night, that slyly love t'immure
Their cloysterd Crimes, and sinne secure;

Let those have night that blush to let men know
The basenesse they nere blush to do;

Let those have night, that love to take a Nappe
And loll in Ignorances lappe;

Let those, whose eyes, like Oules abhorre the light,
Let those have Night that love the Night;

Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day;

How sad delay

Afflicts dull hopes! Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day.

Alas! my light-invaine-expecting eyes

Can finde no Objectis but what rise

From this poore morall blaze, a dying sparke

Of Vulcans forge, whose flames are darke

And dangerotts, a dull blue burning light,

As melancholly as the night:

Here's all the Sunnes that glister in the Spheare

Of earth: Ah mee! what comfort's here:

Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day,

Haste, haste away,

Heav'ns loytring lampe; Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day.

Blow Ignorance, O thou, whose idle knee

Rocks earth into a Lethargie,

And with thy sooty fingers hast bedight

The worlds faire cheekes, blow, blow thy spite;

Since thou hast pufft our greater Tapour doe

Puffe on, and out the lesser too:

If ere that breath-exiled flame returne,

Thou hast not blowne, as it will burne:

Sweete *Phosphor* bring the day

Light will repay

The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phosphor* bring the day.

S. AUGUST. in Ioh. ser. 19.

God is all to thee; If thou be hungry, hee is bread; If thirstie, hee is water; If in darknesse, hee is light; If naked hee is a Robe of Immortalitie.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life, that cannot die; a Fountaine alwaies flowing; a garden of life, a Seminary of wisdomie, a radicall beginning of all goodnesse.

EPIG. 14.

My Soule, if Ignorance puffe out this light
 Shee'll do a favour that extends a spight:
 'Tseemes darke abroad; But take this light away;
 Thy windowes will discover breake a day.

E 2

XV.



Debilitata fides: Terras Astraea reliquit.

W. M. scul.

XV.

REVEL. XII. XII.

*The Devill is come unto you, having great
wrath, because hee knoweth that hee
hath but a short time.*

1

LORD! canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
Still bound togh' peace? Shall earths black Monarch take
A full possession of thy Wasted land?

O, will thy slumbring vengeance never wake,
Till full-ag'd law-relisting Custome shake
The pillours of thy Right, by false command?
Unlocke thy Clouds, great Thund'rer, and come downe,
Behold whose Temples weare thy sacred Crowne;
Redresse, redresse our wrongs; revenge, reve nge thy owne.

2

See, how the bold Vsurper mounts the seat
Of royall Majestic; How overstrawing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbeare death; by torments over-awing
Thy frightened subjects; or, by favours, drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat,
Lord, canst thou be so mild? and hee so bold?
Or can thy flockes be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by a Fox? Lord, canst thou see and hold?

E 3

That

3

That swift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
 Our welcome Suits before the King of Kings,
 That sweet Embassadour, that hurries hence
 What Ayres th'harmonious soule or sighs or sings,
 See how shee flutters with her idle wings;
 Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by Sense:
 Sense-conq'ring Faith is now growne blind, and cold.
 And basely cravend, that, in times of old,
 Did conquer heav'n it selfe, do what th' Almighty could.

4

Behold, how double fraud does scourge and teare
*Astrea*s wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
 With knotted cords, whose fury has no eare;
 See how shee stands a Pris'ner, to be sent
 A Slave, into eternall banishment,
 I know not whither, O, I know not where:
 Her Patent must be cancel'd in disgrace;
 And sweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
 Must act *Astrea*s part, must take *Astrea*s place.

5

*Faith*s pincons clipt? And faire *Astrea* gone?
 Quick-seeing *Faith* now blind? And *Iustice* sec?
 Has *Iustice* now found wings? And has *Faith* none?
 What do wee here? who would not wish to bee
 Dissolv'd from earth; and, with *Astrea*, flee
 From this blind dungeon, to that Sunne-bright Throne?
 Lord, is thy Scepter lost or laid aside?
 Is hell broke loose, and all her Fiends untyed?
 Lord rise, and rowze, and rule; and crush their furious Pride.

PETR. RAV. in Math.

The Devill is the author of evill; the fountaine of wickednesse; the Adversary of the Truth; the corrupter of the world; mans perpetuall Enemy; Hee plants snares; digs ditches; spurres bodies; he goads soules; Hee suggests thoughts, belches Anger; exposes vertues to hatred; makes vices beloved; sows Errours, nourishes contention; disturbs peace, and scatters Affections.

MACAR:

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that wee may be glorified, with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight, If no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crowne.

EPIG. 15.

*My Soule, sit thou a patient looker on;
Iudge not the Play before the Play be done:
Her Plot has many Changes. Every Day
Speakes a new Scene; The last Act crownes the Play.*

E 4

I.



Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

Wilt. Marshall sculpsit.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

I.

ESAY. L. XI.

*You that walke in the light of your owne fire,
and in the sparkes that yee have kindled,
yee shall lie downe in sorrow.*

I

DOe silly Cupid snuffe, and trimme
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her selfe-consuming flames more bright;
Mee thinke, shee burnes too dimme:
Is th^t that sprightly fire,
Whose more then sacred Beames inspire
The rayisht hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes; how fast shee waines;
She spends her selfe, and her, whose wealth maintaines
Her weake, her idle Rayes;
Cannot thy lustfull blast,
Which gave it luster, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends so fast?
Gog

3
 Goe, Wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
 Where never breaking day
 Intends to visit mortals, or display
 The fullen shades of night :
 Thy Torch will burne more cleare
 In nights un-Titand Hemispheare ;
 Heav'ns scornfull flames and thine can never co-appeare:

4
 In vaine thy busie hands addressie
 Their labour, to display
 Thy easie blaze, within the veirge of day;
 The greater drownes the lesse :
 If heav'ns bright glory shine,
 Thy glimring sparks mult needs resign;
 Puffe out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will worke out thine:

5
 Goe, *Cupids* rammish Pander, goe,
 Whose dull, whose low desire
 Can finde sufficient warmth from Natures fire,
 Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
 Blow winde, made strong with spite,
 When thou hast pufft the greater light,
 Thy lesler sparke may shine, and warme the new made night;

6
 Deluded mortals, tell mee, when
 Your daring breath has blowne
 Heav'ns Tapour out, and you have spent your owne,
 What fire shall warme yee then?
 Ah Fooles, perpetuall night
 Shall haunt your soules with Stigian fright, (light,
 Where they shall broile in flames, but flames shall bring no

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. MOR. 25.

By how much the lesse, man sees himselfe, by so much the lesse hee displeases himselfe; And by how much the more hee sees the light of Grace, by so much the more hee disdaines the light of nature.

S. GREG. MOR.

The light of the understanding humilitie kindles and pride covers.

EPIG. 1.

*Thou blowst heav'ns fire, the whilst thou goest about,
Rebellious foole, in vaine, to blow it out:
Thy Folly addes confusion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath,*

II.



Donec totum expleat orbem.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

II.

ECCLES. IV. VIII.

*There is no end of all his labour, neither is
his eye satisfied with riches.*

O, How our wid^dned Armes can over-stretch
Their owne dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yeelding brest
Can ſhrinke, to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour Orbe! How earth refine
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kinde to kinde!
Wee gaze, we graſpe, we gripe; adde ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more;
Wee charge our Soules ſo farre beyond our ſtint,
That wee recoyle or buſt; The buſie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new deſires, deſires, not knowing
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundleſſe Ocean
Gaine, and gaine ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion;
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-eyed night
Fiſt tips her horned browes with eaſie light,
Whole curious traine of ſpangled Nymphs attire
Her next nights Glory with encreasing Fire;
Each ev'ning addes more luſter, and adorneſ
The growing beautie of her graſping hornes;

Shee suckes and drawes her brothers golden store;
 Vntill her gluttred Orbe can sucke no more;
 Ev'n so the Vulture of insatiate mindes,
 Still wants, and wanting seekes, and seeking, findes
 New fuell to encrease her rav'nous fire,
 The grave is sooner cloyd then mans desire
 Wee crosse the Seas, and midst her waves we burne,
 Transporting lifes, perchance that nere returne.
 Wee sucke, wee ransacke to the utmost sands
 Of native kingdomes, and of forraine lands;
 Wee travill Sea, and Soyle; wee pry, wee proule;
 Wee progresse, and wee progge from pole to pole;
 Wee spend our mid-day sweat, our mid-night oyle;
 Wee tyre the night in thought; the day, in toyle;
 Wee make Art servill, and the Trade gentile,
 (Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
 To compasse earth; and with her empty store;
 To fill our Armes, and graspe one handfull more;
 Thus seeking Rest, our labours never cease,
 But as our yeares, our hot desires encrease;
 Thus wee poore little worlds (with blood and sweat)
 In vaine attempt to comprehend the great;
 Thus, in our gaine, become wee gainfull losers,
 And what's enclos'd, encloses the enclosers.
 Now, reader, close thy Booke. and then advise:
 Be wisely worldly; be not worldly wise;
 Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwaies raking
 The worlds base dunghill, Vermins took, by taking:
 Take heede thou trust not the deceitfull Lappe
 Of wanton *Delilah*; The world's a Trappe.

H v G o de anima.

Tell mee where bee thoſe now that ſo lately loved, and buzz'd
 the world? Nothing remaines of them but duſt and wormes; Ob-
 ſerve what thoſe men were; what thoſe men are: They were like
 thee, They did eate, drinke, laugh, and led merry dayes, and in a
 moment ſlpt into Hell: Here their fleſh is good for wormes:
 There, their ſoules are fuel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoynd in
 an unhappie fellowſhip, and caſt into eternall torments; where they
 that were once companions in ſinne ſhall be hereafter partners in
 puniſhment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe ſtill untill that wind,
 That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
 And when th'art done, hark here, I tell thee what,
 Before I'le truſt thy Armeſfull I'le truſt that.

III.



Non amat iste, sed amat amor.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

III.

IOB XVIII. VIII.

*He is cast into a net by his owne feet, and
walketh upon a snare.*

1

WHat? Nets and Quiver too? what need there all
These lye devices to betray poore men?

Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall

Before thy Dart? what need these Engins then?

Attend they not, and answer to thy Call

Like nightly Coveyes, where thou list? and when?

What needs a Stratagem where strength can sway?

Or what need strength compell, where none gaine say?

Or what need stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy sleights: It is but vaine to wast

Hony on those that will be catcht with Gall;

Thou canst not, ah, thou canst not bid so fast

As men obey; Thou art more slow to call,

Than they, to come; Thou canst not make such hast

To strike; as they, being struck, make hast to fall;

Go save thy Nets for that rebellious heart

That scornes thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the Art

To avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy fiery Dart.

F

Lost

3

Lost mortall, how is thy destruction sure,
 Between two Bawds: and both without remorse;
 The one's a Line, the tother is a Lure;
 This, to entice thy soule; that, to enforce;
 Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure?
 That drawes; this woos thee to th'eternall curse;
 O charming Tyrant, how hast thou befool'd
 And slav'd poore man, that would not, if he could
 Avoid thy Line, thy Lure; nay, could not, if he would!

4

Alas, thy sweet perfidious voice betrayes
 His wanton cares with thy Syrenian baits,
 Thou wrapst his eyes in mists, then boldly layes
 Thy lethall Ginns before their Christall Gates;
 Thou lock'st up ev'ry Sense with thy false kayes,
 All willing Prisoners to thy close deceits;
 His eare most nimble where it deafe should be,
 His Eye most blind where most it ought to see,
 And when his heart's most bound, thẽ thinks it self most free.

5

Thou grand Imposter, how hast thou obtain'd
 The wardship of the world! Are all men turn'd
 Ideots, and Lunaticks? Are all retain'd
 Beneath thy servile bands? Is none return'd
 To his forgotten selfe? Has none regain'd
 His senses? Are their senses all adjourn'd?
 What none dismiss thy Court? will no plump Fee
 Bribe thy false fists, to make a glad Decree,
 T'undoole whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy prisoners free?

S. BERN. in Scr.

In this world is much trecherie, little truth ; here, all things are traps ; here, every thing is beset with snares ; here soules are endanger'd, bodies are afflicted ; Here all things are vanity, and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy Trammill where thou please,
 Thou canst not faile to take such fish as these ;
 Thy thriving sport will nev'r be spent ; no need
 To feare, when ev'ry Cork's a world ; Thou'lt speed.

IV.



Quam graue seruitium est, quod leuis esca parit.

IV.

HOS. XIII. III.

*They shalbe as the chaffe that is driven with
a whirlewind out of the floore, and as the
smoke out of the chimney.*

FLint-brested Stoicks, you, whose marble eyes
Contemne a wrinkle, and whose soules despise
To follow Natures too affected Fashion,
Or travell in the Regent walk of Passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at Feares,
Or play at fast and loose with Smiles and Teares;
Come burst your spleenes with laughter; to behold
A new-found vanity; which, dayes of old
Nev'r knew; A vanity, that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than *Mabomet*;
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke:
But stay! why taxe I thus our moderne times,
For new-blowne Follies, and for new-borne Crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first Age free?
No, they were smoak'd, and slav'd as well as we:
What's sweet-lipt Honours blast, but smoke? What's treasures
But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas: they'r all but shadowes, Fumes, and blasts;
That vanishes; this fades: the other waists:

EMBLEMES.

Book 1.

The restless Merchant ; he, that loves to sleepe
 His braines in wealth, and layes his soule to sleepe
 In bags of Bullion, sees th'immortall Crowne,
 And faine would mount, but Ingots keep him downe :
 He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow ;
 He lent but now ; wants Credit, now, to borrow :
 Blow wind ? the Treasure's gone, the Merchant's broke ;
 A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke :
 Behold the Glory-vying Child of Fame,
 That from deep wounds sucks forth an honour'd name,
 That thinks no purchase worth the stile of good,
 But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood,
 That for a Poynt, a blast of empty breath,
 Vndaunted, gazes in the face of death,
 Whose deare-bought Bubble, filld with vaine renowne,
 Breaks with a Phillip, or a Gen'rals frowne ;
 His stroke-got Honour staggers with a stroke ;
 A Slave to Honour is a Slave to Smoke :
 And that fond soule which waits his idle dayes
 In loose delights, and sports about the Blaze
 Of *Cupids* Candle ; he that daily spies
 Twin Babies in his Mistresse *Geminies*,
 Whereto his sad devotion does impart
 The sweet burnt offering of a bleeding heart ;
 See, how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire,
 Whose flames consume with youth ; in Age, expire :
 The world's a Bubble ; all the pleasures in it,
 Like morning vapours vanish in a minit :
 The vapours vanish, and the Bubble's broke ;
 A slave to Pleasure is a slave to smoke.
 Now, Stoick, cease thy laughter, and repast
 Thy pickled cheeks with Teares, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON

*That rich man is great, who thinkes not himselfe great because
he is rich : the proud man (who is the poore man) brags outwardly,
but begs inwardly : He is blowne up, but not full.*

PETR. RAV.

*Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour : The
pompe of the world and the favour of the people are but smoake,
and a blast suddenly vanishing : which, if they commonly please,
commonly bring repentance, and for a minut of joy they bring an
age of sorrow.*

EPIG. 4.

*Cupid; thy diet's strange ; It dulls ; It rowzes ;
It cooles ; It heats ; it binds, and then it looses :
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot Foole, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a loosensle once, take heed ; It binds thee.*

V.



Non omne, quod hic micat, aurum est

Will: Marshall. sculp: sit.

V.

PRO. XXIII. V.

*Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is
not? for riches make themselves wings,
they flie away as an Eagle.*

1

FAlse world, thou ly'st: Thou can'st not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gaine a Friend,
They are so sleight:
Thy morning pleasure make an end
To please at night:
Poore are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st and yet thou vy'st
With heav'n, Fond earth thou boasts; False world thou ly'st.

2

Thy babbling Tongue tels golden Tales
Of endlesse Treasure;
Thy bounty offers easie sales
Of lasting Pleasure;
Thou asks the Conscience what she ayles,
And swear'st to ease her;
There's none can want where thou supply'st;
There's none can give where thou deny'st:
Alas, fond world thou boasts; false world thou ly'st.

What

What well advised care regards³
 What earth can say ?
 Thy words are Gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted Clay ;
 Thy cunning can but pack the Cards ;
 Thou canst not play :
 Thy game at weakeſt, ſtill thou vy'ſt,
 If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt ;
 Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt : False world thou ly'ſt.

Thy tinſill boosome ſeems a Mint⁴
 Of new-coynd treaſure ;
 A Paradife, that has no ſtint,
 No change, no meaſure ;
 A painted Caſk, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth nor pleaſure :
 Vaine earth ! that falſly thus comply ſt
 With man ; Vaine man ! that thus rely'ſt
 On earth : Vaine man thou dot'ſt : Vaine earth thou ly'ſt.

What meane dull ſoules, in this high meaſure⁵
 To haberdash
 In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
 Is droſſe and traſh ?
 The height of whoſe enchaunting pleaſure
 Is but a Flaſh ?
 Are theſe the Goods that thou ſupply'ſt
 Vsmortalls with ? Are theſe the high'ſt ?
 Can theſe bring cordiall peace ? False world thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

*This world is deceitfull; Her end is doubtfull; Her conclusions
is horrible; Her Iudge is terrible; And her punishment is inte-
lerable.*

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

*The vaine glory of this world is a deceitfull sweetnesse, a fruit-
lesse labour, a perpetuall yeare, a dangerous honour; Her begin-
ning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.*

EPIG. 5.

*World; th'art a Traitor; Thou hast stamp't thy base
And Chymick metall with great *Cæsars* face;
And with thy bastard Bullion thou hast barrerd
For wares of price; How justly drawne, and quarterd!*

VI.



Sic decipit orbis.

Will. Marshall sculpsit.

VI.

IOB XV. XXXI.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity;
for vanity shalbe his recompence.*

¹
Believe her not : Her Glasse diffuses
False Portraitures : Thou canst espie
No true reflection : She abuses
Her mis-inform'd beholders eye ;
Her Chrystal's falsly steel'd : It scatters
Deceitfull beames ; Believe her not : She flatters.

²
This flaring Mirrour represents
No right Proportion, hiew, nor Feature :
Her very looks are Complements ;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater ;
The skilfull Glosse of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy course Complexion;

³
Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd Troopes desi'd,
A very Fragment of a Man ;
Shee'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Iove*-slaine Tyrant, or th' *Pénick* Hill:

Had

4

Had surfeits, or th'ungracious Starre
 Conspir'd to make one Common place
 Of all deformities, that are
 Within the Volume of thy face,
 Shee'd lend thee favour, should out-move
 The Troy-bane *Helen*, or the Queene of Love.

5

Were thy consum'd estate as poore
 As *Lazarus*, or afflicted *Jobs*,
 Shee'l change thy wants to seeming store,
 And turne thy Raggs to purple Robes ;
 Shee'l make thy hide-bound flanke appeare
 As plump as theirs that feast it all the yeare.

6

Looke off ; let not thy Opticks be
 Abus'd ; thou see'st not what thou shouldst ;
 Thy selfe's the Object thou should'st see,
 But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st :
 And shadowes thrive the more in stature,
 The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

Where heav'ns bright beames look more direct,
 The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger ;
 But when they glaunce their faire aspect,
 The bold-fac'd shade growes larger, longer ;
 And when their lamp begins to fall,
 Th'increasing shadowes lengthen most of all.

8

The soule that seeks the noone of Grace,
 Shrinks in ; but swels, if Grace retreat ;
 As heav'n lifts up, or veiles his Face,
 Our selfe-esteemes grow lesse, or great ;
 The least is greatest ; And who shall
 Appare the greatest, are the least of all.

HUGO lib. 3 de anima.

In vaine he lifts up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold him'selfe : First thou must see the visible things of thy'selfe, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God, for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee : The best looking glasse wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thy'selfe.

EPIG. 6.

*Be not deceiv'd, great Foole ; There is no losse
In being small : Great bulks but swell with drosse ;
Man is heav'ns Master-peece ; If it appeare
More great, the valu's lesse ; If lesse, more deare.*

VII.



The pessima, sic optima seruat.

Will. Marshall. sculpsit.

VII.

DEVT. XXX. XIX.

*I have set before thee life and death, blessing
and cursing, therefore choose life, that thou
and thy seed may live.*

1

THe world's a Floore, whose swelling heapes retaine
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyle ;
The world's a Heape, whose yet unwinnowed graine
Is lodg'd with chaffe and buried in her soyle ;
All things are mixt ; the usefull with the vaine ;
The good with bad ; the noble with the vile ;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and grosse
Present their lossefull gaine, and gainfull losse,
Where ev'ry dram of Gold containes a pound of drosse.

2

This furnisht Ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or heav'n can add ;
Here, lasting joyes ; here, pleasures hourelly new,
And hourelly fading, may be wisht and had :
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true
Salute thy soule, and wealth both good and bad :
Here maist thou open wide the two-leav'd doore
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store
Which being emptied most, does overflow the more.

G

Come

3

Come then, my soule, approach this royall Burse,
 And see what wares our great Exchange retaines ;
 Come, come ; here's that shall make a firme divorce
 Betwixt thy Wants and thee, if want complaines ;
 No need to sit in councell with thy purse,
 Here's nothing, good, shall cost more price than paines ;
 But O my soule, take heed ; If thou relie
 Vpon thy faithlesse Opticks, thou wilt buy
 Too blind a bargaine : know, Fooles onely trade by th' Eye

4

The worldly wisdome of the foolish man
 Is like a Sive, that does, alone, retaine
 The grosser substance of the worthlesse Bran ;
 But thou, my soule, let thy brave thoughts disdain
 So coarse a purchase ; O, be thou a Fan
 To purge the Chaffe, and keep the winnow'd Graine ;
 Make cleane thy thoughts, and dresse thy mixt desires ;
 Thou art heav'ns Tasker ; and thy G O D requires
 The purest of thy Floore, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let Grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
 And wisdome bleffe thy soule's unblemisht wayes,
 No matter, then, how short or long's the Lease,
 Whose date determines thy selfe-numbred dayes ;
 No need to care for wealths or Fames increase,
 Nor *Mars* his Palme, nor high *Apollo's* Bayes :
 L O R D, If thy gracious bounty please to fill
 The floore of my desires, and teach me skill
 To dresse and chuse the Corn, take those the Chaffe that will.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1 de doct. Christi.

Temporall things more ravish in the expectation, than in fruition: but things eternall more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibid.

The life of man is the middle betweene Angels and beasts: If man takes pleasure in carnall things, he is compared to beasts; But if he delights in spirituall things, he is joined with Angels.

EPIC. 7.

Art thou a Child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a Child, and with the Childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaffe, or corne undrest:
My soule thou savour'st too much of the Beast.

G 2

VIII.



Hæc animant pueros cymbala; at illa viros.

Will. marshall. sculpsit.

VIII.

PHIL. III. XIX.

*They minde earthly things, but our con-
versation is in heaven.*

VENUS.

DIV. CUPID.

V E. **W**Hat means this peevish Brat ? Whish, Lullaby ;
What ailes my Babe ? What ayles my Babe to cry ?
Will nothing still it ? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the Nurses brest nor Mothers knce ?
What ayles my Bird ? What moves my froward Boy
To make such whimpring faces ? Peace, my Ioy :
Will nothing doe ? Come, come, this pettish Brat,
Thus cry and bawle, and cannot tell for what ?
Come busse and friends, my lambe ; whish, lullaby,
What ayles my Babe ? What ayles my Babe to cry ?
Peace, peace my deare ; alas, thy early yeares
Had never faults to merit halfe these teares :
Come smile upon me : Let thy mother spie
Thy Fathers Image in her Babies eye :
Husband these guiltlesse drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of Age ;
Thine eye's not ripe for teares : whish, lullaby ;
What ayles my Babe, mine sweet-fac'd Babe to cry ?
Look, look, what's here ! A dainty Golden thing ;
See how the dauncing Bells turn round and ring

To please my Bantling ! Here's a knack will breed
 A hundred kisses : Here's a knack indeed !
 So, now my bird is white, and looks as faire
 As *Pelops* shoulder, or my milk white payre :
 Here'e right the Fathers smile, when *Mars* beguil'd
 Sick *Venus* of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

DIVIN. CUPID.

Well may they smile alike: Thy base-bred Boy
 And his base Syre had both one Cause ; A Toy :
 How well their subjects and their smiles agree ?
 Thy *Cupid* finds a Toy, and *Mars* found thee :
 False Queene of Beauty, Queene of false delights,
 Thy knee presents an Embleme, that invites
 Man to himselfe, whose selfe-transported heart
 (Ov'rwhelm'd with native sorrowes, and the smart
 Of purchas'd griefes) lies whining night and day,
 Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay
 The dull-brow'd Pander of despaire, layes by
 His leaden Buskins, and presents his eye
 With antick Trifles, which th'indulgent earth
 Makes proper Objects of mans childish mirth :
 These be the coyne that passe ; the sweets that please ;
 There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these :
 These be the Pipes that base-borne minds daunce after,
 And turne immod'rate teares to lavish laughter,
 Whilst heav'nly Raptures passe without regard ;
 Their Strings are harsh, and their high straines unheard :
 The ploughmans Whistle, or the trivall Flute
 Find more respect than great *Apollo's* Lute :
 Wee'l look to heav'n, and trust to higher Ioyes ;
 Let Swine love Husks, and children whine for Toyes.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chiefe joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which (being once possess'd thereof) none can take from thee, whereto all pleasure being compared, is torment; all joy is griefe: sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable subject must necessarily change, as the subject changes.

EPIG. 3.

*Peace, childish Cupid, peace: Thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry:
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well mayst thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.*

G 4.

IX.



Venturum exhorresco diem.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

IX.

ESAY X. III.

*What will ye do in the day of your visitation?
to whom will ye flie for help, and where
will ye leave your glory?*

1

Is this that jolly God, whose Cyprian Bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties goe
Sadly perplext with whimpering hearts?
Is this that Sov^raigne Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blundring souls of swains, and stoops the hearts of kings

2

What Circean Charme? what Hecarèan spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *love* was vanquish't by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *love*?)
Or has our lustfull God perform'd a Rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those Rosie Cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearle Percullis, that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?

Where

Where be those killing eyes, that so controld
The world ? And locks, that did infold
Like knots of flaming wyre, like Curles of burnisht Gold ?

4

No, no ; 'Twas neither Hecatean spite
Nor Charme below, nor pow'r above ;
'Twas neither *Circes* spell, nor Stygian sprite,
That thus transform'd our God of Love ;
'Twas owle-ey'd Lust (more potent far than they)
Whose eyes and actions hate the day ;
Whom all the world observe ; whom all the world obey.

5

See how the latter Trumpets dreadfull blast
Affrights stout *Mars* his trembling Son !
See, how he startles ! how he stands agast,
And scrambles from his melting Throne !
Hark, how the direfull hand of vengeance teares
The sweltring Clouds, whilst heav'n appears
A Circle fil'd with flame, and centerd with his feares.

6

This is that day, whose oft report hath worne
Neglected Tongues of Prophets bare ;
The faithlesse subject of the worldlings scorne,
The summe of men and Angels pray'r :
This, this the day whose All-descerning light
Ransacks the secret dens of night,
And severs Good from Bad ; true Ioyes from false Delight.

7

You grov'ling Worldlings, you whose wisdome trades,
Where light nev'r shot his Golden Ray ;
That hide your Actions in Cymerian shades,
How will your eyes indure this day ?
Hills wilbe deafe, and mountaines will not heare ;
There be no Caves, no Corners there,
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from feare.

HUGO.

O the extreame loathsomnesse of fleshly lust, which not onely effeminates the mind, but enerveth the body; which not onely dis-
fraines the soule, but disguises the person! It is usher'd with juy
and wantonnesse, It is accompanied with filthinesse and unclea-
nesse, and it is followed with grieve and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? sweet-fac'd *Cupid*, has thy bastard-treasure,
Thy boasted Honours, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure
Perplext thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, foole, *To woe, to woe.*

X.



Tinnit : inane est.

X.

NAH. II. X.

*Shee is emptie, and void,
and waste.*

1

Shee's empty: Hark, she sounds: There's nothing there,
But noise to fill thy care,
Thy vaine enquiry can, at length, but find
A blast of murm'ring wind:
It is a Cask, that seems as full, as faire;
But meerely tunn'd with Ayre:
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The soule that vainly sounds
Her Ioyes upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds:

2

Shee's empty: Hark; she sounds: There's nothing in't:
The spark-ingendring Flint
Shall sooner melt, and hardest Raunce shall, first,
Dissolve and quench thy thirst,
Ere this false world shall still thy stormy brest
With smooth-fac'd Calmes of Rest:
Thou mayst, as well, expect Meridian light
From shades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

Shee's

3

Shee's empty : Hark, the sounds ; 'Tis void and vast ;
What if some flattering blast
Of flatuous Honour should perchance, be there ;
And whisper in thine ear,
It is but wind ; and blowes but where it list,
And vanishes like a Mist :
Poore Honour earth can give ! What gen'rous mind
Would be so base, to bind
Her heav'n-bred soule a slave, to serve a Blast of wind ?

4

Shee's empty : Hark ; She sounds : 'Tis but a Ball
For Fooles to play withall ;
The painted filme but of a stronger Bubble,
That's lin'd with filken trouble ;
It is a world, whose Work, and Recreation
Is vanity, and vexation ;
A Hagg, repair'd with vice-complexion, paint :
A Questhouse of complaint ;
It is a Saint ; a Fiend : worse Fiend, when most a Saint.

5

Shee's empty : Hark ; the sounds : 'Tis vaine and void ;
What's here to be enjoy'd,
But Griefe, and sicknesse, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawne now, and crost to morrow ?
Or what are Men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death ?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds ,
Trust not this hollow world, shee's empty: Hark; the sounds

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemne riches, and thou shalt be rich; Contemne glory, and thou shalt be glorious; Contemne injuries, and thou shalt be a conquerer; Contemne rest, and thou shalt gaine rest; Contemne earib, and thou shalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affoords neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

EPIG. 10.

*This House is to be let; for life or yeares;
Her Rent is sorrow, and her In-come, Teares:
Cupid, 't'as long stood void: Her bills make knowne,
She must be dearely Let; or let alone.*

XI.



Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

XI.

MAT. VII. XIV.

*Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life,
and few there be that find it.*

P Repost'rons foole, thou troult'ft amisse :
Thou err'ft ; That's not the way, 'Tis this :
Thy hopes, instructed by thine Eye,
Make thee appeare more neare than I ;
My floore is not so flat, so fine,
And has more obvious Rubs than thine,
'Tis true ; my way is hard, and strait,
And leads me through a thorny Gate,
Whose ranckling pricks are sharp, and fell ;
The common way to heav'n's by Hell :
'Tis true ; Thy path is short and faire,
And free of Rubbs : Ah, foole, beware,
The safest Road's not alwayes ev'n ;
The way to Hell's a seeming Heav'n ;
Think'ft thou, the Crowne of Glory's had
With idle ease, fond Cyprian Lad ?
Think'ft thou, that mirth, and vaine delights,
High feed, and shadow-shortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones, and Beds of Downe
Are proper Prologues to a Crowne ?

Or canst thou hope to come, and view,
Like prosperous *Cæsar*, and subdue ?
The bond-slave Usurer will trudge
In spite of Gouts, will turne a drudge,
And serve his soule-condemning purse,
T' increase it with the widowes Curse;
And shall the Crowne of glory stand
Not worth the waving of a hand ?
The fleshly wanton, to obtaine
His minit-lust, will count it gaine
To lose his freedome, his Estate
Vpon so deare, so sweet a rate;
Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
Heav'ns Palme be cheaper than a lust ?
The true-bred Spark, to hoise his name
Vpon the waxen wings of Fame,
Will fight, undaunted, in a Flood
That's rais'd with brackish drops, and blood :
And shall the promis'd Crowne of life
Be thought a Toy, not worth a Strife ?
An easie Good brings easie Gainses,
But things of price are bought with paines :
The pleasing way is not the right :
He that would conquer heav'n, must fight.

S. HIERON.

S. HIEROM. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity
is the mark we leuell at.

S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict
his owne will, to quench the delights of this present life, to indure
and love the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to
contemne the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the
feares of aduersity.

EPIG. II.

O Cupid, if thy smother way were right,
I should mistrust this Crowne were counterfeit:
The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

XII.



In cruce stat securus amor.

Will: Marshal: sculpsit.

XII.

GAL. VI. XIV.

*God forbid that I should glory, save
in the Crosse.*

CAn nothing settle my uncertaine brest,
And fix my rambling Love ?
Can my Affections find out nothing best ?
But still, and still remove ?
Has earth no mercy ? Will no Ark of Rest
Receive my restless Dove ?
Is there no Good, than which there's nothing higher,
To blesse my full desire
With Ioyes that never change ; with Ioyes that nev'r expire ?
I wanted wealth ; and, at my deare request,
Earth lent a quick supply ;
I wanted Mirth, to charme my sullen brest ;
And who more brisk than I ?
I wanted Fame, to glorifie the rest ;
My Fame flew Eagle high ;
My Ioy not fully ripe, but all decayd ;
Wealth vanisht like a shade ;
My mirth began to flag, my Fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried to and fro,
 With ev'ry blast of passion :
 Her lustfull streames, when either ebb or flow,
 Are tides of mans vexation :
 They alter daily, and they daily grow
 The worse by alteration :
 The Earth's a Cask full tun'd, yet wanting measure ;
 Her precious wine, is pleasure ;
 Her Vess is Honours puffe, Her Lees are worldly treasure.

4

My trust is in the Crosse : Let Beauty flag
 Her loose, her wanton saile ;
 Let count'nance-gilding Honour cease to brag
 In courtly termes, and vale ;
 Let ditch-bred wealth, henceforth, forget to wag
 Her base, though golden taile ;
 False beauties conquest is but reall losse,
 And wealth but golden drosse ;
 Best Honour's but a blast : my trust is in the Crosse.

5

My trust is in the Crosse : There lies my rest ;
 My fast, my sole delight ;
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East
 Blow till they burst with spight ;
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
 And joyne their twisted might :
 Let showres of Thunderbolts dart down, and wound me,
 And troupes of Fiends surround me,
 All this may well confront, all this shall nev'r confound me.

S. AUGUST.

Christs Crosse is the Cbriscrosse of all our happinesse; It delivers us from all blindnesse of errour, and enriches our darkenesse with light; It restores the troubled soule to rest; It brings strangers to Gods Acquaintance; It makes remote forreiners neare neighbours; It cuts off discord, concludes a league of everlasting peate, and is the bounteous Author of all Good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de resur.

We find glory in the Crosse; To us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all vertues.

EPIG. 11.

*I follow'd Rest, Rest fled, and soone forsooke me;
I ran from Griefe, Griefe ran, and over-tooke me,
What shall I doe? Lest I be too much tost
On worldly Crosses, LORD, let me be crosse*

H 4

XIII.



Post Urinara: Daemon

With Marshall's Serpents

XIII.

PRO. XXVI. XI.

*As a Dog returneth to his vomit, so a foole
returneth to his follie.*

O I am wounded ! And my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chirons* Art ;
I yeeld, I yeeld ; The day, the Palme is thine ;
Thy Bow's more true ; thy shafts more fierce than mine :
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand : What need
To send more darts ; The first has done the deed :
Oft have we struggled, when our equall Armes
Shot equall shafts ; inflicted equall harmes ;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twyfork'd with death, has struck my Conscience dead :
But must I die ? Ah me ! If that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds and call
This dart a Cordiall ; and with joy, endure
These harsh Ingredients, where my Griefe's my Cure,
But something whispers in my dying eare,
There is an After-day ; which day I feare :
The slender debt to Nature's quickly payd,
Discharg'd, perchance, with greater ease than made,
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make Arrest,
Ten thousand Actions would (whereof the least
Is more than all this lower world can bayle)
Be entred, and condemne me to the Iayle.

Of Stygian darknesse, bound in red-hot Chaines,
And grip'd with Tortures worse than Tytian paines :
Farewell my vaine, farewell my loose delights ;
Farewell my rambling dayes ; my rev'ling nights ;
'Twas you betraid me first, and when ye found
My soule at vantage, gaye my soule the wound :
Farewell my Bullion Gods, whose sov'raigne lookes
So often catch'd me with their golden hookes,
Go, seek another slave ; ye must all go ;
I cannot serve my God, and Bullion too :
Farewell false Honour ; you, whose airy wings
Did mount my soule above the Thrones of kings ;
Then flatter'd me ; tooke pet ; and, in disdain,
Nipt my greene Buds, then kickt me down againe :
Farewell my Bow : Farewell my Cyprian Quiver ;
Farewell, deare world ; farewell, deare world, for ever.
O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
Her pleasures relish ! Ah ! How jump they meet
The grasping soule ! And, with their sprightly fire,
Revive, and raise, and rowze the rapt desire !
For ever ? O, to part so long ? What never
Meet more ? Another yeare ; and then, for ever :
Too quick resolves do resolution wrong,
What part so soone, to be divorc'd so long ?
Things to be done are long to be debated ;
Heav'n is not day'd : Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. pæn.

Go up my soule into the Tribunall of thy Conscience; There set thy guilty selfe before thy selfe: Hide not thy selfe behind thy selfe, least God bring thee forth before thy selfe.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vaine is that washing, where the next sin defiles: He bath ill repented whose finnes are repeated: That stomack is the worse for vomiting, that licks up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

EPIG. 13.

*Braine-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart
As it hath prickt thy Fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy Friend: O how has it deceiv'd thee?
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had say'd thee.*

XIV.



Post lapsum fortius actio.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

XIV.

PRO. XXIV. XVI.

*A just man falleth seven times and riseth up
again; but the wicked shall fall
into mischief.*

1

TIs but a Foyke at best, And that's the most
Your skill can boast :

My slippry footing fail'd me ; and you tript,
Iust as I slipt :

My wanton weaknesse did her selfe betray
With too much play :

I was too bold : He never yet stood sure,
That stands secure :

Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length :

The Title's craz'd, the Tenour is not good,
That claimes by th'Evidence of flesh and Blood.

2

Boast not thy skill ; The Righteous man fals off,
Yet fals but soft :

There may be dirt to mire him ; but, no stones,
To crush his bones :

What, if he staggers ? Nay, put case he be
Foyl'd on his knee ;

That

That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.

The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh; and then,
Falls to't agen;

Whereas the leaden-hearted Coward lies,
And yeelds his conquer'd life; or cravend, dies:

Boast not thy Conquest; thou, that ev'ry houre,
Falst ten times lower;

Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base:

Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble,
Where I but stumble:

Thou glory'st in thy slav'ries dirty Badges,
And fal'st for wages:

Sowre grieve, and sad repentance scovres and cleares
My staines with teares;

Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;
But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4
L O R D what a nothing is this little Span,
We call a Man!
What fenny trash maintaines the smooth'ring fires
Of his desires!

How sleight and short are his Resolves at-longest!
How weake, at strongest!

O if a Sinner, held by thy fast hand
Can hardly stand,

Good G O D ! in what a desp'rate case are they
That have no stay!

Mans state implies a necessary Curse;
When not himself, hee's mad; when most himself, hee's worse.

S. AMBROS. in Serm. ad vincula;

Peter stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell: Insomuch that he found more grace than he lost grace.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall, afflicted; as, being downe, to be dejected: It is no danger for a souldier to receive a wound in battell; but after the wound received through despaire of recovery, to refuse a Remedy; For we often see wounded Champions wear the Palme at last, and after flight, crown'd with victory.

EPIC. 14.

*Triumph not, Cupid, His mischance does show
Thy Trade, does once; what thou dost alwayes do:
Brag not too soone: Has thy prevailing hand
Foyl'd him? Ah, Foole, Th'ast taught him how to stand,*

XV.



Patet cœthæ; clauditur oſſi.

W. Marshall sculpſit.

XV.

IER. XXXII. XL:

*I will put my feare in their hearts, that they
shall not depart from me.*

SO, now the soule's sublim'd: Her sowre desires
Are re-calcin'd in heav'n's well tempred Fires:
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie Nature,
Now finds the freedome of a new-borne Creature:
It lives another life, it breathes new Breath;
It neither feesles nor feares the sting of death:
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly dopts each house he viewes, his owne;
Makes ev'ry purse his Checquer; and, at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like *Cesar*,
At length, by virtue of a just Command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon, his Passe, not fully understood,
Is texted in a Manuscript of Blood;
Thus past from towne to towne, untill he come
Afore. Repentant to his native home:
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From Crime to Sin; and, uncontrol'd, removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old-worne pleasures to new choice delights,
At length cortected by the filiall Rod
Of his offended (but his gracious G O D)

And last from Sinnes to sighs, and, by degrees,
 From sighs to vowes; From vowes, to bended knees,
 From bended knees, to a true pensive brest;
 From thence, to torments, not by tongues exprest,
 Returnes, and (from his sinfull selfe exil'd)
 Finds a glad Father; He, a welcome Child:
 O, then, it lives; O then, it lives involv'd
 In secret Raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
 The royall Of-spring of a second Birth
 Sets ope to heav'n, and shuts the doores to earth:
 If love-sick *love*-commanded Clouds should hap
 To raine such show'rs as quickned *Danaes* lap:
 Or dogs (far kinder than their purple Master)
 Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the faster.
 If Earth (Heav'n's Rivall) dart her idle Ray;
 'To heav'n, 'tis Wax, and to the world, 'tis Clay:
 If earth present delights, it scornes to draw,
 But, like the Iet unrub'd, disdaines that straw:
 No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
 No Griefe disturbs it; and no Errour guides it;
 No Feare distracts it; and no Rage inflames it;
 No Guilt condemnes it; and no Folly shames it;
 No sloth besotts it; and no lust inthrals it;
 No Scorne afflicts it; and no Passion gawles it:
 It is a Carknet of immortall life;
 An Arke of peace; The Lists of sacred Strife;
 A purer Peece of endlesse Transitory;
 A Shrine of Grace; A little Throne of Glory;
 A heav'n-borne Of-spring of a new-borne birth;
 An earthly Heav'n; An ounce of heav'nly Earth.

S. August

S. AUGUST. de spir. & anima.

O happy heart, where piety affects ; where, humility subjects ;
 where, repentance corrects ; where, obedience directs ; where, per-
 severance perfects ; where, power protects ; where, devotion pro-
 jects ; where, charity connects.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turnes it selfe (if carefully) it
 shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in
 those very things we shall find God ; It shall find the heat of his
 power in consideration of those things, in the love of which things
 he was most cold ; and by what things it fell, perverted, by those
 things it is raised, converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, but wherefore do I call thee so ?
 I have renounc'd my Intrest long ago ;
 When thou wert false, and fleshly, I was thine ;
 Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.



*Lord all my Desire is before Thee, & my
groaning is not hid from Thee: Ps 38*

THE THIRD BOOKE.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whose better thoughts are newly born,
 And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
 The worlds base Trash; whose necks disdain to bear
 Th'imperious yoke of Sathan; whose chaste care
 No wanton Songs of Syrens can surprize
 With false delight; whose more than Eagle-eyes
 Can view the glorious flames of Gold, and gaze
 On glittering beames of Honour, and not daze,
 Whose soules can spurne at pleasure, and deny
 The loose Suggestions of the Flesh. draw nigh:
 And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires
 Would feele the warmth of those transcendent fires,
 Which (like the rising Sun) put out the light
 Of *Venus* starre, and turne her day to night;
 You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
 With greater happinesse than can be found
 In your owne wishes; you, that would affect
 Where neither scorne, nor guile, nor disrespect
 Shall wound your tortur'd Soules; that would enjoy,
 Where neither want can pinch, nor fulnesse cloy;
 Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser Feare
 Vnflames your courage in pursuit; draw neare:

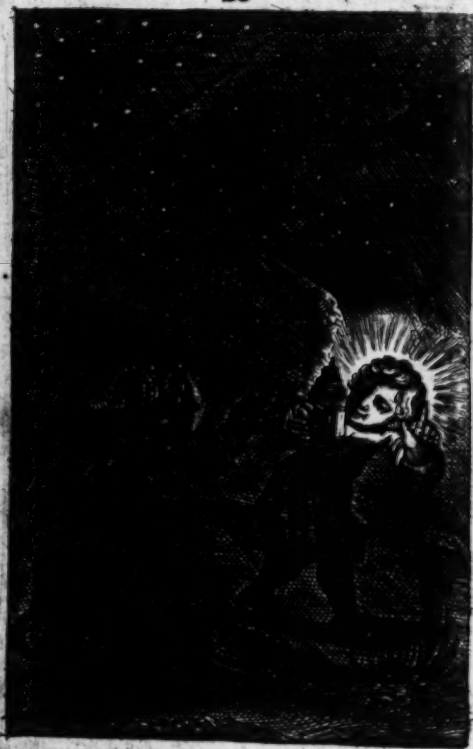
Shake hands with earth, and let your soule respect
 Her Ioyes no further than her Ioyes reflect
 Vpon her Makers Glory, if thou swim
 In wealth, See him in all ; See all in Him ;
 Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small Cruise spent ?
 See Him in want ; Enjoy Him in Content :
 Conceiv'st Him lodg'd in Crosse, or lost in paine ?
 In Pray'r and Patience find Him out againe :
 Make Heav'n thy Mistresse, Let no Change remove
 Thy loyall heart : Be fond ; be sick of Love :
 What if he stop his eare, or knit his Brow ?
 At length hee'l be as fond, as sick as thou :
 Dart up thy Soule in Groanes : Thy seeret Grone
 Shall pierce his Eare, shall pierce his Eare, alone :
 Dart up thy Soule in vowes ; Thy sacred Vow
 Shall find him out, where heav'n alone shall know :
 Dart up thy soule in sighs : Thy whispring sigh
 Shall rouze his eares, and feare no listner nigh :
 Send up thy Groanes, thy Sighs, thy closet Vow ;
 There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and thou ;
 Groanes fresht with vowes, and vowes made salt with teares,
 Vnscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd eares :
 Shoot up the bosome Shafts of thy desire,
 Feather'd with Faith, and double fork't with Fire,
 And they will hit ; Feare not, where heav'n bids Come :
 Heav'ns never deafe, but when mans heart is dumb.



Emerson

113

I.



My Soule hath desired Thee in y^e Night.

W. Simpson Sc.

Eccl. 20

I.

ESAY XXIX. VI.

*My soule hath desired thee in
the night.*

Good God ! what horrid darknesse do's surround
My groping soule ! How are my Senses bound
In utter shades ; and, muffled from the light,
Lusk in the bosome of eternall night !
The bold-fac'd Lamp of heav'n can set and rise ;
And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes
Of gazing Mortals ; his victorious Ray
Can chase the shadowes, and restore the day:
Nights bashfull Empresse, though she often wayne,
As oft repents her darknesse ; primes againe ;
And with her circling Hornes does re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her silver face :
But, ah, my Sun, deep swallow'd in his Fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, not rise at all :
My bankrupt Waine can beg nor borrow light :
Alas, my darknesse is perpetuall night :
Fals have their Risings ; Wainings have their Primes,
And desp'rate sorrowes wait their better times,
Ebbs have their Floods, and Autumnes have their Springs ;
All States have Changes hurried with the swings
Of Chance, and Time, till tiding to and fro :
Terrestriall Bodies and Celestiall too :

How

How often have I vainly grop'd about,
 With lengthned Armes, to find a passage out,
 That I might catch those Beames mine eye desires,
 And bathe my soule in those Celestiall fires:
 Like as the Hagar, cloyster'd in her Mue,
 To scowre her downy Robes, and to renew
 Her broken Flags, preparing t' overlooke
 The tim'rous Malard at the sliding Brooke,
 Lets oft from Perch to Perch; from Stock to ground;
 From ground to Window, thus surveying round
 Her dove-befeatherd Prison, till, at length,
 (Calling her noble Birth to mind, and strength
 Whereto her wing was borne) her ragged Beake
 Nips off her dangling Iesses, strives to breake
 Her gingling Fetters, and begins to bate
 At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:
 Ev'n so my wearie soule, that long has bin
 An Inmate in this Tenement of Sin,
 Lockt up by Cloud-brow'd Error, which invites
 My cloystred Thoughts to feed on black delights,
 Now scornes her shadowes, and begins to dart
 Her wing'd desires at Thee, that onely art
 The Sun she seeks, whose rising beames can fright
 These duskie Clouds that make so dark a night:
 Shine forth, great Glory, shine; that I may see
 Both how to loath my selfe, and honour Thee:
 But if my weaknesse force Thee to deny
 Thy Flames, yet lend the Twilight of thine Eye:
 If I must want those Beames I wish, yet grant,
 That I, at least, may wish those Beames I want.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 33.

There was a great and darke cloud of vanity before mine eyes,
 so that I could not see the Sun of Justice and the light of Truth: I
 being the Son of darknesse, was involved in darknesse: I loved
 my darknesse, because I knew not thy Light: I was blind, and lo-
 ved my blindness, and did walke from darknesse to darknesse:
 But Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darknesse, and
 the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and
 behold, I see.



EPIG. I.

My soule, cheare up: What if the night be long?
 Heav'n finds an eare, when sinners find a tongue:
 Thy teares are Morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
 When Peters Cock begins to crow, 'tis Day.

II.



O Lord Thou knowest my Foolishnesse,
 & my Sins are not hid from Thee Ps.
 W. New Son Sc.

II.

PSAL. LXIX. III.

*O Lord, thou knowest my foolishnesse, and my
sinnes are not hid from thee.*

See'st thou this fullsome Ideot ? In what measure
He seemes transported with the antick pleasure
Of childish Baubles ? Canst thou but admire
The empty fulnesse of his vaine desire ?
Canst thou conceive such poore delights as these
Can fill th'insatiate soule of Man, or please
The fond Aspect of his deluded eye ?
Reader, such very fooles are thou and I ;
False puffs of Honour ; the deceifull streames
Of wealth ; the idle, vaine, and empty dreames
Of pleasure, are our Traffick, and ensnare
Our soules ; the threefold subject of our Care :
We toyle for Trash, we barter solid Ioyes
For ayry Trifles ; sell our Heav'n for Toyes :
We snatch at Barly graines, whilst Pearles stand by
Despis'd ; Such very Fooles are Thou and I :
Aym'st thou at Honour ? Does not th'Ideot shake it
In his left hand ? Fond man, step forth and take it :
Or wouldst thou Wealth ? See how the foole presents thee
With a full Basket, if such Wealth contents thee :
Wouldst thou take pleasure ? If the Foole unstride
His praucing Stallion, thou mayst up, and ride :

Fond

Fond man : Such is the Pleasure, Wealth, and Honour
 That earth affords such Fooles as dote upon her ;
 Such is the Game whereat earths Ideots flie ;
 Such Ideots, ah, such Fooles are thou and I :
 Had rebell-mans Foole-hardinesse extended
 No further than himselfe, and there, had ended ;
 It had been Iust ; but, thus, enrag'd to flie
 Vpon th' eternall eyes of Majesty,
 And drag the Son of Glory, from the brest
 Of his indulgent Father ; to arrest
 His great and sacred Person ; in disgrace,
 To spit and spaul upon his Sun-bright face ;
 To taunt him with base termes ; and, being bound,
 To scourge his soft, his trembling sides ; to wound
 His head with Thornes ; his heart, with humane feares ;
 His hands, with nayles ; and his pale Flanck with speares ;
 And, then, to paddle in the purer streame
 Of his spilt Blood, is more than most extreame :
 Great Builder of mankind, canst thou propound
 All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
 Thy handy-work ? O, canst Thou choose but see,
 That mad'st the Eye ? Can ought be hid from Thee ?
 Thou seest our persons, LORD, and not our Guilt ;
 Thou seest not what thou maist, but what thou wilt :
 The Hand, that form'd us, is enforc'd to be
 A Screeen set up betwixt thy Work and Thee :
 Looke, looke upon that Hand, and thou shalt spy
 An open wound, a Throughfare for thine Eye,
 Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
 Deny'd betweene Thy gracious eyes, and me,
 Yet view the Scarre, That Scarre will countermand
 Thy Wrath : O read my Fortune in thy Hand.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Ioan.

*Fooles seeme to abound in wealth. when they want all things ;
they seeme to enjoy happinesse, when indeed they are onely most mi-
serable ; neither do they underst and that they are deluded by their
fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.*

S. GREG. in mo.

*By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we
strive to seeme outwardly wise.*

EPIG. 2.

*Rebellious foole, what has thy Folly done ?
Contrould thy G O D, and crucified His Son :
How sweetly has the L O R D of life deceiv'd thee ?
Thou shedst His Blood, and that shed Blood has sav'd thee.*

III.



W. Simpson Sculp.

Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weak
 & heal me for my bones are vexed
 Ps: 41.

III.

PSAL. VI. II.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord heale me, for my bones
are vexed.

Soule.

Iesus.

Soul. A H, Son of David, help : *Ies* What sinfull crie
Implores the Son of David ? *Soul.* It is I :
Ies. Who art thou ? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded brest
That's heavy laden, and would faine have rest.
Ies. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed
Like household Children, with the childrens bread :
Soul. True Lord ; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crums : O, Son of David, help.
Ies. Poore Soule, what ail'st thou ? *Soul.* O I burne, I fry ;
I cannot rest ; I know not where to fly
To find some ease ; I turne my blubber'd face
From man to man ; I roule from place to place,
T'avoid my tortures, to obtaine reliefe,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my griefe :
My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Ies. Surcease thy teares, and speake thy free desires ;
Soul. Quench, quench my flames, & swage these scorching fires:

K

Ies.

Ies. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy griefe :

Soul. Lord, I believe ; Lord, help my unbeliefe :

Ies. Hold forth thy Arme, and let my fingers try
Thy Pulse ; where (chiefly) does thy torment lie ?

Soul. From head to foot ; it raignes in ev'ry part,
But playes the selfe-law'd Tyrant in my heart.

Ies. Canst thou digest ? canst relish wholesome food ?
How stands thy tast ? *Soul.* To nothing that is good :
All sinfull trash, and earths unsav'ry stuffe
I can digest, and relish well enough :

Ies. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turnes ?

Soul. Cold to what's good ; to what is bad, it burnes :

Ies. How old's thy griefe ? *Soul.* I tooke it at the Fall
With eating Fruit. *Ies.* 'Tis Epidemicall ;
Thy blood's infected, and th' Infection sprung
From a bad Liver : 'Tis a Fever strong,
And full of death, unlesse, with present speed,
A veine be op'ned ; Thou must die, or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint, and spent : That Launce that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withall ;
My soule wants Cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being spent so farre) to bleed :
I faint already : If I bleed, I die :

Ies. 'Tis either thou must bleed, sicke soule, or I :
My blood's a cordiall : He that suckes my veins,
Shall cleanse his owne, and conquer greater paines
Than these : Cheere up : this precious Blood of mine
Shall cure thy Griefe ; my heart shall bleed for thine :
Believe, and view me with a faithfull eye ;
Thy soule shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confess.

Lord, Be mercifull unto me : Ab me : Behold, I bide not my
wounds : Thou art a Physitian, and I am sicke ; Thou art merci-
full, and I am miserable.

S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O Wisdome, with how sweet an art does thy wine and oyle re-
store health to my heathlesse soule ! How powerfully mercifull,
how mercifully powerfull art thou ! Powerfull, for me, Mercifull,
for me !

EPIC. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a Doctor by ?
Thou canst not live, unless thy Doctor die :
Strange kind of grieve, that finds no med'cine good
To swage her paines, but the Physitians Blood !

K 2



Look vpon my Afflictio & mi
sery & forgiue mee all my Sinne
W. F. sc.

IV.

PSAL. XXV. XVIII.

*Looke upon my affliction and my paine, and
forgive all my sinnes.*

Both worke, and stroakes ? Both lash, and labour too ?
What more could Edom, or proud Athur doe ?
Stripes after stripes ? and blowes succeeding blowes ?
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end ? My paines no ease ? No intermission ?
Is this the state ? Is this the sad condition
Of those that trust thee ? Will thy goodnesse please
To allow no other favours ? None but these ?
Will not the Rethrick of my torments move ?
Are these the symptoms ? these the signes of love ?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfill
The toylsome task of thy laborious Mill ?
May not this labour expiate, and purge
My sinne, without th'addition of thy scourge ?
Looke on my cloudy brow, how fast it raines
Sad showers of sweat, the fruits of fruitlesse paines :
Behold these ridges ; see what purple furrowes
Thy plow has made ; O think upon those sorrowes,
That once were thine ; wilt, wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy, by the charmes of sweat and blood ?
Canst thou forget that drowsie Mount, wherein
Thy dull Disciples slept ? Was not my sinne

There, punish'd in thy soule ? Did not this brow
 Then sweat in thine ? Were not those drops enow ?
 Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide
 Oreflow'd thy sov'raigne Sacramentall side ;
 There was no sinne ; there was no guilt in Thee,
 That call'd those paines ; Thou sweatst ; thou bledst for me
 Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
 Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
 The mouth of Iustice ? Lord, I bled before,
 In thy deepe wounds : Can Iustice challenge more ?
 Or doest thou vainly labour to hedge in
 Thy losses from my sides ? My blood is thin ;
 And thy free bounty scornes such easie thrift ;
 No, no, thy blood came not as lone, but gift :
 But must I ever grinde ? And must I earne
 Nothing but stripes ? O, wilt thou disalterne
 The rest thou gav'st ? Hast thou perus'd the curse
 Thou laidst on Adams fall, and made it worse ?
 Canst thou repent of mercy ? Heav'n thought good
 Lost man should feed in sweat ; not work in blood :
 Why dost thou wound th'already wounded brest ?
 Ah me ; my life is but a paine at best ?
 I am but dying dust : my dayes, a span ;
 What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man ?
 Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere ;
 Send fewer stroakes, or lend more strength to beare.

S. BERN. Hom. 81 in Cant. •

*Miserable man ! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this
 shamefull bondage ? I am a miserable man ; but a free man ; free,
 because a man ; Miserable, because a servant : In regard of my
 bondage, miserable ; In regard of my will, inexcusable : For my
 will, that was free, he slaved it selfe to sinne, by assenting to sinne ;
 for he that commits sin, is the servant to sinne.*

EPIG. 4.

*Taxe not thy God : Thine owne defaults did urge
 This twofold punishment ; the Mill, the Scourge :
 Thy sin's the Author of thy selfe-tormenting :
 Thou grind'lt for sinning ; scourg'd for not repenting.*



Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast
made me as the clay, & wilt thou bring
me into dust againe? Job. 10. 9. will sing. seu.

V.

IOB X. IX.

*Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast
made me as the clay, and wilt thou
bring me to dust againe?*

THUS from the bosome of the new-made earth,
Poore man was delv'd, and had his unborne birth :
The same the stuffe; the selfe-same hand does trim
The Plant that fades; the Beast that dies; and Him :
One was their Syre; one was their common mother ;
Plants are his sisters; and the Beast; his brother,
The elder too, Beasts draw the selfe-same breath,
Waxe old alike, and die the selfe same-death :
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arraid ;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade :
The beast, in sense, exceeds him; and, in growth,
The three-ag'd Oake doth thrice exceed them both :
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth ? What art thou more, in being man ?
I; but my great Creator did inspire
My chosen earth with that diviner fire
Of Reason ; gave me Iudgement, and a Will ;
That, to know good ; this, to chuse good from ill :
He put the raints of pow'r in my free hand,
And jurisdiction over sea and land :

He

He gave me art, to lengthen out my span
 Of life, and made me all, in being man ;
 I ; but thy Passion has committed treason
 Against the sacred person of thy Reason ;
 Thy Iudgement is corrupt; perverse thy Will ;
 That knowes no good ; and this makes choice of ill ;
 The greater height sends downe the deeper fall,
 And good, declin'd, turnes bad; turnes worst of all ;
 Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
 Thy greatnesse claime the more in being man ?
 O, but my soule transcends the pitch of nature,
 Borne up by th' Image of her high Creator ;
 Out-braves the life of reason, and beats downe
 Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen Crowne ;
 My earth's a living Temple t'entertaine
 The King of Glory, and his glorious traine :
 How can I mend my Title then ? where can
 Ambition find a higher stile than man ?
 Ah, but that Image is defac'd and soil'd ;
 Her Temple's raz'd, her altars all defil'd ;
 Her vessels are polluted, and distain'd
 With loathed lust ; her ornaments prophand ;
 Her oyle-forfaken lamps, and hallow'd Tapours
 Put out ; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapours :
 Why swel'st thou then so big, thou little span
 Of earth? What art thou more in being man ?
 Eternall Potter, whose blest hands did lay
 My course foundation from a sod of clay,
 Thou know'st my slender vessell's apt to leake ;
 Thou know'st my brittle Temper's prone to breake ;
 Are my Bones Brazzill, or my Flesh of Oake ?
 O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke :
 Looke, looke with gentle eyes, and in thy day
 Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my Maker, and I thy worke: I thanke thee my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thanke thee o my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why swell'st thou, Man, puffed up with Fame, and Purse?
Th'art better earth, but borne to dig the worse:
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must returne;
And art but earth, cast from the wombe, to th'urne.



*What shall I do unto thee, O thou =
preserver of men: why hast thou set
mee as a marke against thee. Job. 7. 20.*
W. Marshall. Sculpt.

VI.

IOB VII. XX.

*I have sinned: What shall I do unto thee, O
thou preserver of men; why hast thou
set me as a marke against thee?*

Lord I have done : and Lord, I have misdona ;
 'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one,
 That is too strong ; 'tis folly to assaile
 Or prove an Arme, that will, that must prevaile ?
 I've done, I've done ; these trembling hands have throwne,
 Their daring weapons downe : The day's thine owne :
 Forbeare to strike, where thou hast won the field ;
 The palme, the palme is thine : I yeeld, I yeeld .
 These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold
 To try a thrivelesse combat, and to hold
 Selfe-wounding weapons up, are now extended
 For mercy from thy hand ; that knee that bended
 Vpon her guardlesse guard, does now repent
 Vpon this naked floore ; See, both are bent,
 And sue for pitie ; O, my ragged wound
 Is deep and desp'rate ; it is drench'd and drown'd
 In blood, and briny teares : It does begin
 To stink without, and putrifie within :
 Let that victorious hand, that now appears
 Just in my blood, prove gracious to my teares :

Thou

Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man;
 What shall I do? What satisfaction can
 Poore dust and ashes make? O, if that blood
 That yet remaines unshed, were halfe as good
 As blood of Oxen; if my death might be
 An offering to atone my God and me,
 I would disdaine injurious life, and stand
 A suiter, to be wounded from thy hand:
 But may thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
 Of life? or balanc'd with the blood of man?
 No, no, eternall sin expects, for guardon,
 Eternall penance, or eternall pardon:
 Lay downe thy weapons; turne thy wrath away;
 And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
 Enlarge that soule, which base presumption binds;
 Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds:
 O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
 Rub not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed:
 Lord, if the peevish Infant fights, and flies,
 With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes,
 Her frownes (halfe mixt with smiles) may chance to show
 An angry love-trick on his arme, or so;
 Where, if the babe but make a lip, and cry,
 Her heart begins to melt; and, by and by,
 She coakes his deawy cheeks; her babe she blisses;
 And choaks her language with a thousand kisses:
 I am that child; loe, here I prostrate lie,
 Pleading for mercy: I repent, and cry
 For gracious pardon: let thy gentle cares
 Heare that in words, what mothers judge in teares:
 See not my frailties, Lord, but through my feare,
 And looke on ev'ry trespassse through a teare:
 Then calme thy anger, and appeare more mild:
 Remember, thou art a Father; I, a child.

S. BERN. Ser. 21 in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this
 shamefull bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: Free,
 because like to God, miserable, because against God: O keeper
 of mankind, why hast thou set me as a marke against thee? Thou
 hast set me, because thou hast not hindred me: It is just that thy
 enemy should be my enemy, and that he who repugnes thee, should
 repugne me: I who am against thee, am against my selfe.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But borne, and then rehell?
 How small a blast will make a bubble swell?
 But dare the floore affront the hand that laid it?
 So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it.



Wherefore hidest thou thy face, &
holdest mee for thine Enemy. Job. 13. 24

W.S. sc.

VII.

IOB XIII. XXIV.

*Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest
me for thyemie?*

Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that ecclipping hand, so long, deny
The Sun-shine of thy soule-enliv'ning eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*; in Thee
I live, I move, and by thy beames I see:

Thou art my *Life*: If thou but turne away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my *Way*;
Without thee, Lord, I travell not, but stray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetuall night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; If hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; If thou withdraw, I die:

Mine eyes are blind and darke; I cannot see;
To whom, or whether should my darknesse flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is lost ; my wandring steps do stray ;
 I cannot safely go, nor safely stay ;
 Whom should I seek but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way* ?

O, I am dead : To whom shall I, poore I
 Repaire ? To whom shall my sad Ashes fly
 But *Life* ? And where is *Life* but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me ;
 And yet I sue for Grace, and thou deny'st me ;
 Speake, art thou angry, Lord, or onely try'st me ?

Vnscreene those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
 Thou shad'st thy face ; Perhaps, thou think'st, no eye
 Can view those flames, and not drop downe and die :

If that be all ; shine forth, and draw thee nigher ;
 Let me behold and die ; for my desire
 Is *Phoenix*-like to perish in that Fire.

Death-conquer'd *Lazarus* was redeem'd by Thee ;
 If I am dead, Lord set deaths prisoner free ;
 Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he ?

If my pufft light be out, give leave to tine
 My flamelesse snuffe at that bright *Lamp* of thine ;
 O what's thy *Light* the lesse for lighting mine ?

If I have lost my Path, great Shepherd, say,
 Shall I still wander in a doubtfull way ?
 Lord, shall a Lamb of *Isr'els* sheeple stray ?

Thou art the Pilgrims *Path*; the blind mans *Eye*;
 The dead mans *Life* ; on thee my hopes rely ;
 If thou remove, I erre ; I grope ; I die :

Disclose thy Sun-beames ; close thy wings, and stay ;
 See see, how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
 O thou, that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Why dost thou bide thy face? Happily thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; That I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. Cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, thou bidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire; Thou bidest thy pearle, to inflame the seeker; thou delay'st to give, that thou maist teach me to importune; seem'st not to heare, to make me perseuer.

EPIG. 7.

*Heav'ns all-quickning Eyes vouchsafe to shine
Vpon our Soules, we slight; If not, we whine:
Our Equinoctiall hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye.*



O that my Head were waters, and
mine eyes a fountaine of teares!

Ier: 9. 1.

Will. Marshall. sculpfit.

VIII.

JER. IX. I.

*O that my head were waters, and mine
eyes a fountaine of teares, that I might
weepe day and night.*

O That mine eyes were springs, and could transforme
Their drops to seas ! My sighs, into a storme
Of Zeale, and sacred Violence, wherein
This lab'ring vessell, laden with her sin,
Might suffer sodaine shipwracke, and be split
Vpon that Rock, where my drench'd soule may sit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous passion ; O, and there
Drop, drop into an everlasting teare !
Ah me ! that ev'ry sliding veine that wanders
Through this vast Isle, did worke her wild Meanders
In brackish teares, instead of blood, and swell
This flesh with holy Droplics, from whose Well,
Made warme with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,
Whilst I dissolve in steames, and reeke to death !
These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too streight for those quick springs that rise,
And hourelly fill my Temples to the top ;
I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop :
Great builder of mankind, why hast thou sent
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent ?

O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,
 Instead of earth ; and bones of Ice, that so,
 Feeling the Fervor of my sin ; and loathing
 The fire I feele, I might be thaw'd to nothing !
 O thou, that didst, with hopefull joy, entombe
 Me thrice three Moones in thy laborious wombe,
 And then, with joyfull paine, broughtst forth a Son,
 What worth thy labour, has thy labour done ?
 What was there ? Ah ! what was there in my birth
 That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth ?
 A man was borne : Alas, and what's a man ?
 A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
 Of sitting Time ; a furnish'd Pack, whose wares
 Are sullen Griets, and soule-tormenting Cares :
 A vale of teares ; a vessell tunn'd with breath,
 By sicknesse broacht, to be drawne out by death :
 A haplesse, helplesse thing ; that, borne, does cry
 To feed ; that feeds to live ; that lives to die.
 Great God and Man, whose eyes spent drops so often
 For me, that cannot weepe enough ; O soften
 These marble braines, and strike this flinty rock ;
 Or if the musick of thy *Peters* Cock
 Will more prevaile, fill, fill my hearkning eares
 With that sweet sound, that I may melt in teares :
 I cannot weepe, untill thou broach mine eye ;
 Or give me vent, or els I burst, and die.

S. AMBROS. in Psal. 118.

He that commits finnes to be wept for, cannot weepe for finnes committed: And being himselfe most lamentable, hath no teares to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tearres are the deluge of sinne, and the worlds sacrifice.

S. HIEROM. in Esaiam.

Prayer appeases God, but a teare compels him: That moves him but this constraines him

EPIG. 8.

*Earth is an Island ported round with Feares;
The way to Heav'n is through the Sea of teares:
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wracke of many a ship, but no man drown'd.*



The sorroues of hell haue encompassed me the snares of death haue overtaken me - psal. 17. Will Simpson.

I X.

PSAL. XVIII. V.

*The sorrowes of hell compassed me about,
and the snares of death pre-
vented me.*

Is not this Type well cut ? In ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning ? fil'd with Zeuxian Art ?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Linn'd full to th' life ? Didst ever heare the sounds,
The musicke, and the lip-divided breaths
Of the strong-winded Horne, Recheats, and deaths
Done more exact ? Th'infernall Ni nrods hollow ?
The lawlesse Purliews ? and the Game they follow ?
The hidden Engines ? and the snares that lie
So undiscover'd, so obscure to th' eye ?
The new-drawne net ? and her entangled Pray ?
And him that closes it ? Beholder, say,
Is't not well done ? seemes not an em'lous strife
Betwixt the rare cut picture, and the life ?
These Purlieu-men are Devils ; And the Hounds,
(Those quick-nos'd Canibals that scour the grounds)
Temptations ; and the Game these Fiends pursue,
Are humane soules, which still they have in view ;
Whose Fury if they chance to scape, by flying,
The skillfull Hunter plants his net, close lying

On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
 Ambitious honour, and selfe-wasting pleasure ;
 Where if the soule but stoope, death stands prepar'd
 To draw the net, and drawne, the soule's ensnar'd.
 Poore soule ! how art thou hurried to and fro ?
 Where canst thou safely stay ? where safely go ?
 If stay ; these hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to teare thee,
 If goe ; the snares enclose, the nets ensnare thee :
 What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee
 A willing Guest ? wherein can earth delight thee ?
 Her pleasures are but Itch ; Her wealth, but Cares ;
 A world of dangers, and a world of snares :
 The close Pursuers busie hands do plant
 Snares in thy substance ; Snares attend thy want ;
 Snares in thy credit ; Snares in thy disgrace ;
 Snares in thy high estate ; Snares in thy base ;
 Snares tuck thy bed ; and Snares around thy boord ;
 Snares watch thy thoughts ; and Snares attache thy word ;
 Snares in thy quiet ; Snares in thy commotion ;
 Snares in thy diet ; Snares in thy devotion ;
 Snares lurk in thy resolves ; Snares, in thy doubt ;
 Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares, without ;
 Snares are above thy head, and Snares, beneath ;
 Snares in thy sicknesse ; Snares are in thy death ;
 O, if these Purlieus be so full of danger,
 Great God of Harts, the worlds sole sov'raigne Ranger,
 Preserve thy Deere, and let my soule be blest
 In thy safe Forrest, where I seeke for rest :
 Then let the Hell-hounds roare ; I feare no ill ;
 Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill,

S. AMBROS. Lib. 4 in Cap. 4 Lucx.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacie of diet, and the beauty of a harlot are the snares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whilest thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares for the snare of the harlot is the snare of the Adulterer.

S A V A N A R.

In eating, he sets before us Gluttony; In generation, luxury; In labour sluggishnesse; In conversing, envy; in governing, covetousnesse; In correcting, anger; In honour, pride; In the heart, he sets evil thoughts; In the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil workes; when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleepe, to filthy dreames.

EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth;
Thy soule's way-laid by sea; by Hell; by earth;
Hell has her hounds; Earth, snares; the Sea, a shelfe;
But most of all, my heart, beware thy selfe.



Enter not into iudgment with thy
 seruant for no man liuing shall be
 iustified in thy sight Will. Simpson

X.

PSAL. CXLIII. II.

*Enter not into judgement with thy servant,
for in thy sight shall no man living
bee justified.*

*Iesus.**Iustice.**Sinner.*

- Ie.* **B**Ring forth the prisoner, Iustice. *Iust.* Thy commands
Are done, just Iudge; See, here the prisoner stands.
Ie. What has the prisoner done? Say; what's the cause
Of his comittment? *Iust.* He has broke the lawes
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death;
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heapes transgression, Lord, upon transgression:
Ie. How know'st thou this? *Iust.* Ev'n by his own confession:
His finnes are crying; and they cry'd aloud;
They cry'd to heav'n; they cry'd to heav'n for blood:
Ie. What sayst thou sinner? Hast thou ought to plead,
That sentence should not passe? Hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile, and base,
To tread upon thy earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other shrift
Than mine owne conscience; Lord, I must confesse,
I am no more than dust, and no whit lesse

Than

Than my Inditement stiles me ; Ah, if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a Brow,
What Flesh can stand ? I have transgress't thy lawes ;
My merits plead thy vengeance ; not my cause.

Iust. Lord shall I strike the blow ? *Ies.* Hold, Iustice, stay,
Sinner, speake on ; what hast thou more to say ?

Sin. Vile as I am, and of my selfe abhor'd,
I am thy handy-worke, thy creature, Lord,
Stamp't with thy glorious Image, and at first,
Most like to thee, though now a poore accurst
Convicted Caitiffe, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy Bar. *Iust.* Thy fault's the greater
Lord shall I strike the blow ? *Ies.* Hold, Iustice, stay,
Speake, sinner ; hast thou nothing more to say ?

Sin. Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy* ; Lord, my state
Is miserably poore, and desperate ;
I quite renounce my selfe, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Iesus* ; from thy selfe, to Thee ,

Iust. Cease thy vaine hopes ; my angry God has vow'd:
Abused mercy must have blood for blood :
Shall I yet strike the blow ? *Ies.* Stay, Iustice, hold ;
My bowels yearne, my fainting blood growes cold,
To view the trembling wretch ; Me thinks, I spye
My fathers Image in the prisoners eye :

Iust. I cannot hold. *Ies.* Then turne thy thirstie blade
Into my sides : let there the wound be made :
Cheare up, deare soule ; Redeeme thy life with mine :
My soule shall smart ; My heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin. O ground-lesse deepes ! O love beyond degree !
Th'offended dies, to set th'offender free.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damne me :
 thou hast not lost that, whereby thou mayest save me : Remember
 not, sweet Iesus, thy Iustice against the sinner, but thy benignity
 towards thy Creature : Remember not to proceed against a guilt-
 y soule, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch : For-
 get the insolence of the provoker, and behold the misery of the in-
 iur'd ; for what is Iesus but a Saviour ?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget
 what my sinnes have done against thee : My flesh hath provoked
 thee to vengeance ; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy : It
 is much that my rebellions have deserved ; but it is more that my
 Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies ! He that was my drudge
 is now my Advocate, is now my Iudge :
 He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone ;
 Three I adore, and yet adore but One.



Let not the water-flood overflow me,
neither let the deepe swallow me up:
Ps: 69. 15. Will: Simpson sculpsit -

XI.

PSAL. LXIX. XV.

*Let not the water-flood over-flow me,
neither let the deepes swallow me up.*

THe world's a Sea ; my flesh, a ship, that's man'd
With lab'ring Thoughts ; and steer'd by Reasons hand :
My heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby she sailes ;
My loose Affections are the greater Sailes :
The Top-saile is my Fancy ; and the Gusts
That fill these wanton Sheets, are worldly Lusts.
Pray'r is the Cable, at whose end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r slipt but in our feares :
My Will's th'unconstant Pilot, that commands
The staggering Keele ; my Sinnes are like the Sands :
Repentance is the Bucket ; and mine Eye
The Pumpe, unus'd (but in extreames) and dry :
My conscience is the Plummert, that does presse
The deepes, but seldome cryes, A fathom lesse :
Smooth Calm's security ; The Gulph, despair's ;
My Freight's Corruption, and this Life's my Fare :
My soule's the Passenger, confus'dly driven
From feare to fright ; her landing Port, is Heaven.
My seas are stormy, and my Ship does leake ;
My Saylers rude : My Steersman faint and weake :

My Canvace torne, it flaps from side to side ;
 My Cable's crackt ; my Anchor's slightly ty'd ;
 My Pilot's craz'd ; my shipwrack sands are cloak'd ;
 My Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd ;
 My Calm's deceitfull ; and my Gulph too neare ;
 My wares are slubber'd ; and my Fare's too deare :
 My Plummets light, it cannot sink nor found ;
 O shall my Rock-bethreatned Soule be drown'd ?
 Lord still the seas, and shield my ship from harme ;
 Instruct my saylours ; guide my Steersmans Arme ;
 Touch thou my Compasse, and renew my Sailes ;
 Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales ;
 Make strong my Cable ; bind my Anchor faster ;
 Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Master ;
 Object the Sands to my more serious view,
 Make sound my Bucket ; bore my Pump anew ;
 New cast my Plummets, make it apt to try
 Where the Rocks lurke, and where the Quicksands lie ;
 Guard thou the Gulph, with love ; my Calmes, with Care ;
 Cleanse thou my Freight ; accept my slender Fare ;
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short
 His Voyage ; land him in his wished Port :
 Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
 That, through the deeps, gav'st grumbl'ng Isr'ell way,
 Say to my soule, be safe ; and then mine eye
 Shall scorne grim death, although grim death stand by ;
 O thou whose strength-reviving Arme did cherish
 Thy sinking *Peter*, at the point to perish,
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the Wave,
 He come, He come, The voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro David. Cap. 3.

*The confluence of lusts make a great Tempest, which in this sea
disturbs the sea-aring soule, that reason cannot governe it.*

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 35.

*We labour in a boysterous sea: Thou standest upon the shore
and seest our dangers: Giue us grace to hold a middle course, be-
twixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers escaped, we may ar-
rue at our Port, secure.*

EPIG. II.

*My soule; the seas are rough; and thou a stranger
In these false coasts; O keep aloofe; there's danger:
Cast forth thy Plummets; see a rock appeares;
Thy ship wants sea-roume; Make it with thy teares.*



O that thou wouldst protect me in the graue,
and hide me ontill thy furie be past:
Iob 14 Will: Simpson Sculpy:

XII.

IOB XIV. XIII.

*O that thou wouldst bide me in the grave,
and thou wouldst keepe me secret untill
thy wrath be past.*

O Whether shall I flee? what path untrod
Shall I seeke out, to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourne? What kind sea will hide
My head from Thunder? where shall I abide,
Untill his flames be quench'd, or laid aside!

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seeke protection in the shades of night?
Alas, no shades can blind the God of Light:

What, if my soule should take the wings of day,
And find some desert; if she spring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they:

What if some solid Rock should entertaine
My frighted soule? Can solid Rocks restraine
The stroke of Iustice, and not cleave in twaine?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor silent desarts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury meanes to smite, can save.

The Seas will part ; graves open ; Rocks will split ;
 The shield will cleave ; the frighted shadowes flit ;
 Where Iustice aimes, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if sterne-brow'd vengeance meanes to thunder,
 There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
 So close, but will unlocke, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vaine to flee ; 'Tis neither here nor there
 Can scape that hand untill that hand forbear ;
 Ah me ! where is he not, that's every where ?

'Tis vaine to flee ; till gentle mercy show
 Her better eye, the farther off we go,
 The swing of Iustice deales the mightier blow :

Th'ingenious child, corrected, does not flie
 His angry mothers hand, but clings more nigh,
 And quenches, with his teares, her flaming eye.

Shadowes are faithlesse, and the rockes are false ;
 No trust in brasle ; no trust in marble wals ;
 Poore Cottis are ev'n as safe as Princes Hals :

Great God, there is no safety here below ;
 Thou art my Fortresse, though thou seem'st my foe,
 'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow :

Thou art my God ; by thee I fall or stand ;
 Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
 All tortures, but my Conscience, and thy Hand.

I know thy Iustice is thy selfe ; I know,
 Iust God, thy very selfe is mercy too ;
 If not to thee, where? whether should I go ?

Then work thy will ; If passion bid me flee,
 My Reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
 Stretcht out no further than from Thee to Thee.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 30.

*Whether flie I? To what place can I safely flie? To what
 mountaine? To what den? To what strong house? What Ca-
 stle shall I hold? What wals shall hold me? Whethersoever
 I go, my selfe followes me: For whatsoever thou fyest, O man,
 thou mayst, but thy owne Conscience: wheresoever O Lord I go, I
 find thee, if angry a Revenger; if appeas'd, a Redemer:
 What way have I, but to flee from thee, to thee: That thou maist
 avoid thy God, addresse thee to thy Lord.*

EPIG. 12.

*Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy feares command
 No Rocks to shield thee from her thundring hand?
 Know'st thou not where to scape? He tell thee where;
 My soule make cleane thy Conscience; Hide thee there.*



*Are not my daughters few? Cease then, and
let me alone that I may bewayle me a little.*

Iob . 30 . 20 .

will: simpson . sculp: sit

XII I.

I O B X. X X.

*Are not my dayes few? Cease then, and let me
alone, that I may bewaile my selfe a little.*

MY Glasse is halfe unspent : Forbear t'arrest
My thriftlesse day too soone : My poore request
Is that my glasse may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minuts wilbe done
Without thy help ; See, see how swift they run ;
Out not my thred before my thred be spun :

The gaine's not great I purchase by this stay ;
What losse sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand yeares are but a day.

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged houres ; they flie so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheelles of hurrying Time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seeme to live :

And what's a life ? A weary Pilgrimage,
Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life; the flourishing Array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her Greene Plush; and is, to morrow, Hay.

And

And what's a Life ? A blast sustain'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food ; retain'd with vile selfe-loathing,
Then weary of it selfe, again'd to nothing.

Read on this diall, how the shades devoure
My short-liv'd winters day ; How'r eare up howre ;
Alas, the total's but from eight to foure.

Behold these Lillies (which thy hands have made
Faire copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how soone they droop, how soone they fade !

Shade not that diall night will blind too soone ;
My nonag'd day already points to noone ;
How simple is my suit ! How small my Boone !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or falsly to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; Here's nothing worth a smile.
No, no : 'Tis not to please my wanton eares
With frantick mirth ; I beg but howres ; not yeares :
And what thou giv'st me , I will give to teares.

Draw not that soule which would be rather led ;
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpents head ;
O shall I die before my sinnes are dead ?

Behold these Rags ; Am I a fitting Guest
To tast the dainties of thy royall feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest ?

First, let the Iordan streames (that find supplies
From the deepe fountaine of my heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and cleare my leprous eyes:

I have a world of sinnes to be lamented ;
I have a sea of teares that must be vented ;
O spare till then ; and then I die, contented.

S. A V G V S T. lib. 7 de Civit. Dei cap. 10.

The time wherein we live is taken from the space of our li'e; and what remaines is daily made lesse and lesse, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

S. G R E G. lib. 9 mor. cap. 44 in Cap. 10 Iob.

As moderate afflictions bring teares; so immoderate take away teares; Insomuch that sorrow becomes no sorrow which swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, takes away the sense of the affliction.

EP I G. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an Arme invites thee?
Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to feare, thy feare begins;
Foole, can he beare thee hence, and not thy sins?



Oh that they were wise, then they would
Understand this; they would consider *Q*
their latter end. Deuteron: 32. I Payne scul

XIV.

DEUT. XXXII. XXIX.

O that men men were wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh.

Spirit.

WHat meanes my sisters eyes so oft to passe
Through the long entry of that Optick glasse ?
Tell me ; what secret virtue does invite
Thy wrinckled eye to such unknowne delight ?
It helps the sight ; makes things remote appeare
In perfect view ; It drawes the object neare.
What sense-delighting objects doest thou spie ?
What does that Glasse present before thine eye ?
I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, even standing at the Glasses end ;
His left hand holds a branch of Palme ; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight !
And is this all ? does thy Prospective please
Th'abused fancy with no shapes but these ?
Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Sweltring in Flames ; the Angell-guarded Sonne
Of glory on his high Tribunall Throne ;

I see a Brimstone Sea of boyling Fire,
 And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming Wyre,
 Tort'ring poore soules, that gnash their teeth, in vaine,
 And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues, for paine;
 Looke sister, how the queazie-stomack'd Graves
 Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
 Scal'd their consu'nelesse bodies, strongly cursing
 All wombes for bearing, and all paps for nursing:

Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancie take delight
 In view of Tortures? These are shewes t'affright:
 Looke in this glasse-Triangular; looke here,
 Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there?

Fl. The world in colours; colours that distaine
 The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the silken Train
 Of *Floras* Nymphs; such various sorts of hiew,
 As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
 Here, if thou please to beautifie a Towne,
 Thou maist; or, with a hand, turn't upside downe;
 Here, maist thou scant or widen by the measure
 Of thine owne will; make short or long, at pleasure:
 Here maist thou tyre thy fancie, and advize
 With shewes more apt to please more curious eyes;

Sp. Ah foole! that dot'st on vaine, on present toyes,
 And disrespects those true, those future joyes!
 How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, Alas,
 To dote on goods that perish with thy Glasse!
 Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand!
 Were they but painted colours, it might stand
 With painted reason, that they might devote thee;
 But things that have no being, to besot thee?
 Foresight of future torment is the way
 To baulk those ills which present joyes bewray;
 As thou hast fool'd thy selfe, so now come hither,
 Break that fopd glasse, and let's be wise together.

BONAVENT. de contemptu seculi.

O that men would be wise, understand, and foresee : Be wise,
know three things : The multitude of those that are to be dam-
ned ; the few number of those that are to be saved ; and the vani-
ty of transitory things : Understand three things ; the multitude
of sinnes, the omission of good things, and the losse of time : Fore-
see three things, the danger of death, the last judgement, and e-
ternal punishment.

EPIG. 14.

What soule, no farther yet ? what nev'r commence
Faith ? Still Batchelour of Sense ?
Insufficiency ? Or what has made thee
Dressip thy lost degree ? Thy lusts have staid thee.



*My life is spent with grief, & my yeeres
with Sighing. Ps: 30: 10. w.m. sculp.*

X V.

PSAL. XXX. X.

*My life is spent with griefe, and my
yeares with sighing.*

W^Hat sullen Starre rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my dayes one houre of mirth !
How oft have these bare knees been bent, to gaine
The slender Almes of one poore smile, in vaine !
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night ?
How often have my nightly Torments praid
For lingring twilight, glutted with the shade !
Day, worse than night, night, worse than day, appears ;
In teares I spend my nights ; my dayes, in teares :
I moane, unpitti'd ; groane without reliefe,
There is nor end, nor measure of my griefe ;
The smiling flow'r salutes the day ; it growes
Untouch'd with care ; It neither spins, nor sowes ;
O that my tedious life were, like this flow'r,
Or freed from griefe ; or finish'd with an houre :
Why was I borne ? Why was I borne a man ?
And why proportion'd by so large a Span ?
Or why suspended from the common lot,
And being borne to die, why die I not ?
Ah me ! why is my sorrow-wasted breath
Deny'd the easie priviledge of death ?

The branded Slave, that tugs the weary Oare,
Obtaines the Sabbath of a welcome Shore ;
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd ; His native soile
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreigne toyle:
But ah ! my sorrowes are not halfe so blest ;
My labour finds no point ; my paines, no rest :
I barter sighs for teares ; and teares for Groanes,
Still vainly rolling Sylyphæan stones :
Thou just Observer of our flying houres,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devoures
The brazen Monuments of renowned Kings,
Does thy glasse stand ? Or be thy moulting wings
Vnapt to flie ? If not, why dost thou spare
A willing brest ; a brest, that stands so faire ?
A dying brest, that has but onely breath
To beg a wound ; and strength, to crave a death :
O, that the pleased Heav'ns would once dissolve
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
My hampred soule ; then should my soule be blest
From all these ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest :
Till then, my dayes are moneths, my moneths are yeares ;
My yeares are ages, to be spent in teares :
My Grief's entayl'd upon my wastfull breath,
Which no Recov'ry can cut off, but death ;
Breath drawne in Cottages, pufft out in Thrones,
Begins, continues, and concludes in Groanes.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountaine of teares, that I may be-
waile the miserable ingresse of mans condition; the singull pro-
gresse of mans conversation, the damnable egresse in mans dissolu-
tion? I will consider with teares, whereof man was made, what
man does, and what man is to do: Alas, he is jormed of earth,
conceivd in sinne, borne to punishment; He does evill things,
which are not lawfull; He does filthy things, which are not de-
cent; He does vaine things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which beares
A secret date; The use, is Groanes and teares;
Lead not; Vsurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'rest, as the Principall.



My soule hath Coueted to desire thy
Iudgements: psal. 119. will sing son

THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

I.

ROM. VII. XXIII.

*I see another Law in my members warring
against the Law of my mind, & bringing me
into captiuitie to the Law of sin.*

O How my will is hurried to and fro,
And how my unresoly'd resolves do varie !
I know not where to fix ; sometimes I goe
This way ; then that ; and then the quite contrary ;
I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not ;
I doe ; undoe ; yet still do what I should not ;
And at the selfe same instant ; will the Thing I would not,

Thus are my weather-beaten Thoughts oppress'd
With th'earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
Thus am I hourly tost from East to West
Vpon the rouling streames of Good and Ill :
Thus am I driv'n upon these slippery Sudds,
From reall Ills to false apparent Goods ;
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of Ebbs and Floods.

3

The curious Penman, having trim'd his Page
 With the dead language of his dabled Quill,
 Lets fall a heedlesse drop, then, in a Rage,
 Cashieres the fruits of his unlucky skill;
 Ev'n so my pregnant soule in th'infant bud
 Of her best thoughts, showres down a Cole-black flood
 Of unadvised Ills, and cancels all her Good.

4

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
 Warmes my chill soule, and sets my thoughts in frame:
 But soone that fire is shouldred from her seat
 By lustfull *Cupids* much inferiour flame;
 I feele two flames, and yet no flame, entire:
 Thus are the Mungrill thoughts of mixt desire
 Consum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts out-passe
 The common Period of terrene conceit;
 O then, me thinks I scorne the Thing I was,
 Whilst I stand ravisht at my new Estate:
 But when th'Icarian wings of my desire
 Feele but the warmth of their owne native fire,
 O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
 I know the frailty of my fleshly will:
 My Passion's Eagle-ey'd; my Iudgement, blind;
 I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill;
 When th'Ostrich wings of my desires shalbe
 So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
 Yet grant my soule desire but of desiring Thee.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vaine heart, a vagabond, and instable heart ;
 while it is led by its owne judgement, and wanting divine coun-
 sell, cannot subsist in it selfe, and whilst it diuers wayes seekes
 rest, finds none, but remaines miserable through labour, and void
 of peace : It agrees not with it selfe ; it dissents from it selfe ; it
 alters resolutions, changes the judgement, frames new thoughts,
 pulls downe the old, and builds them up againe : It wils and wils
 not, and never remaines in the same state.

S. A Y E Y S T. de Verb. Apost.

When it would it cannot, because when it might, it would not ;
 therefore, by an euill will man lost his good power.

EPIG. I.

My soule, how are thy thoughts disturb'd ! confin'd,
 Enlarg'd betwixt thy Members, and thy Mind !
 Fix here, or there ; Thy doubt-depending cause
 Can nev'r expect one verdict, 'twixt two Lawes.

N 4



Oh that my wayes were directed
to keepe thy Statutes. Ps. 119. 5.

W. Simpson Sculp.

II.

PSAL. CXIX. V.

*O that my wayes were directed to
keepe thy statutes.*

1

Thus I, the object of the worlds disdain,
With Pilgrim-pace, surround the weary earth ;
Lonely relish what the world counts vaine ;
Her mirth's my griefe ; her sullen Griefe, my mirth ;
Her light, my darknesse ; and her Truth, my Error ;
Her freedome is my Iayle ; and her delight my Terror :

2

Good earth ! Proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay ; let not thy thoughts deceive thee ;
Thou art my Prison, and my Home's above ;
My life's a Preparation but to leave thee :
Like one that seeks a doore, I walke about thee,
With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a Lab'inth, whose anfractious wayes
Are all compos'd of Rubs, and crook'd Meanders ;
Noresting here ; Hee's hurried back that staves
A thought ; And he that goes unguided, wanders :
Her way is dark ; her path untrod, unev'n ;
So hard's the way from earth ; so hard's the way to Heav'n.

This

4

This gyring Lab'rinth is betrench'd about
 On either hand, with streams of sulphurous fire,
 Streames closely sliding, erring in and out,
 But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier;
 Where if his footsteps trust their owne Invention,
 He fals without redresse, and sinks beyond Demension.

5

Where shall I seek a Guide? Where shall I meet
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
 What trusty Lanterne will direct my feet
 To scape the danger of these dang'rous places?
 What hopes have I to passe without a Guide?
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

6

An unrequested Starre did gently slide
 Before the Wisemen, to a greater Light;
 Back-sliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
 A Pillar, and a Cloud; by day, by night:
 Yet, in my desp'rate dangers, which be farre
 More great than theirs, I have nor Pillar, Cloud, nor Starre.

7

O, that the pineons of a clipping Dove
 Would cut my passage, through the empty Ayre;
 Mine eyes being seeld, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger, and forgotten Care!
 My backward eyes should nev'r commit that fault,
 Whose lasting Guilt should build a Monument of *Salt*.

8

Great God, that art the flowing Spring of Light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
 Thou art my Path; direct my steps aright;
 I have no other Light, no other Way:
 Ile trust my God, and him alone pursue,
 His Law shalbe my Path; his heav'nly Light my Clue.

S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. Cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darknesse, error, vanity, nor death: The light, without which there is darknesse, The way, without which there is wandering; The Truth, without which there is errour; Life, without which there is death: Say Lord, let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschue darknesse; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun errour; I shall see life, and escape death; Illuminate, O illuminate my blind soule, which sits in darknesse and the shadow of death, and direct my feet in the way of peace.

E P I G. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: What makes thy soule complaine,
 Crownes thy complaint: The way to rest is paine:
 The Road to Resolution lies by doubt:
 The next way Home's the farthest way about.



*Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that
my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.*
W. M. sc.

III.

PSAL. XVII. V.

*Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet
do not slide.*

WHen ere the Old Exchange of Profit rings
Her silver Saints-bell of uncertaine gaines,
My merchant soule can stretch both legs and wings :
How I can run, and take unwearied paines !
The Charmes of Profit are so strong, that I
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly :

Time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
Her lustfull Trump, and blow her bold Alarms,
How my sportfull soule can frisk and daunce,
And hug that Syren in her twined Armes !
The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthening Pleasure
Can lend my bedrid soule both legs and leisure.

blazing Honour chance to fill my veines
With flattring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
My soule can take a pleasure in her paines ;
My lostie strutting steps disdaine to tire :
My antick knees can turne upon the hinges
Of Complement, and skruce a thousand Cringes.

But

4

But when I come to Thee, my God, that art
The royall Mine of everlasting Treasure,
The reall Honour of my better part,
And living Fountaine of eternall pleasure,
How nervelesse are my limbs ! how faint, and slow !
I have nor wings to flie, nor legs to go.

5

So when the streames of swift-foot Rhene conuay
Her upland Riches to the Belgick shore ;
The idle vessell slides the watry lay,
Without the blast, or tug, of wind, or Oare ;
Her slippry keele divides the silver foame
With ease ; So facile is the way from home.

6

But when the home-bound vessell turns her sailes
Against the brest of the resisting streame,
O then she slugs ; nor Saile, nor Oare preuailes ;
The Streame is sturdy, and her Tides extreme :
Each stroke is losse, and ev'ry Tug is vaine ;
A Boat-lengths purchase is a League of paine.

7

Great All in' All, that art my Rest, my Home,
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow :
Reach forth thy helpfull hand, or bid me come ;
I am thy child , O teach thy Child to go :
Conjoyne thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. A V G V S T. Scr. 15 de Verb. Apost.

Be alwayes displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to at-
taine to what thou art not: For where thou hast pleas'd thy selfe,
there thou abidest: But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perish-
est: Alwayes add, alwayes walke, alwayes proceed; neither
stand still, nor go backe nor deviate: He that stands still, pro-
ceeds not; He goes back, that continues not; He deviates, that
revolts: He goes better that creepes, in his way, than he that
goes out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my soule, to lose for want of cunning;
Weepe not; heav'n is not alwayes got by running:
Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
True love will creepe, not having strength to go.



*My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am
afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120.*
W.M. Sculp:

IV.

PSAL. CXIX. CXX.

*My flesh trembleth for feare of thee, and I am
afraid of thy judgements.*

Et others boast of Luck : and go their wayes
With their faire Game ; Know, vengeance seldome playes,
To be too forward ; but does wisely frame
Her backward Tables, for an After-Game :
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot ;
And, for her owne advantage, hits thee not ;
But when her pointed Tables are made faire,
That she be ready for thee, then beware ;
Then, if a necessary blot be set,
She hits thee ; wins the Game ; perchance the Set :
If prosperous Chances make thy Casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate ; cast a serious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy Game ;
Too forward seed-times make thy Harvest lame :
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient ; let no envious glances
Repine to view thy Gamesters heape so faire ;
The hindmost Hound takes oft the doubling Hare :
The worlds great Dice are false ; sometimes they goe
Extremely high ; sometimes, extremely low :
Of all her Gamesters, he that playes the least,
Lives most at ease ; playes most secure, and best :

The way to win, is to play faire, and sweare
Thy selfe a servant to the Crowne of Feare ;
Feare is the Primmer of a Gamsters skill ;
Who feares not Bad, stands most unarm'd to Ill ;
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is halfe withstood ;
And feare of Bad is the best foyle to Good :
True Feare's th' *Elixir*, which, in dayes of old,
Turn'd leaden Crosses into Crownes of Gold :
The World's the Tables ; Stakes, Eternall life ;
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I ; Vnequall strife !
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed Life : This Life's the Game ;
My sins are sev'ral Blots, the Lookers on
Are Angels ; and in death, the Game is done :
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game does grow
Still more and more unshap'd ; my Dice run low :
The Stakes are great ; my carelesse Blots are many ;
And yet, thou passist by, and hitst not any :
Thou art too strong ; And I have none to guide me
With the least Togge ; The lookers on deride me ;
It is a Conquest, undeserving Thee,
To win a Stake from such a Worme as mee :
I have no more to lose ; If we persever,
'Tis lost ; and, that, once lost, I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my Game with greater feare ;
O give me Feare, ere Feare has past her date :
Whose blot being hit, then feares ; feare's then, too late.

S. BERN. Ser. 54 in Cant.

There is nothing so effectuell to obtaine Grace, to retaine Grace, and to regaine grace, as alwayes to be found before God not over-wise, but to feare: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three feares, a feare for received grace, a greater feare for lost Grace, a greatest feare to recover Grace.

S. AUGUST. super Psalm.

Present feare begets eternall security: Feare God, which is above all, and no need to feare man at all.

FIG. 4.

Lord shall we grumble, when thy flames do scourge us?
 Our sinnes breath fire; that fire returnes to purge us:
 Lord, what an Alchymist art thou, whose skill
 Transmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

O 2

V.



Turne away myne eyes least
they behold wante - psal. 118. vs

V.

PSAL. CXIX. XXXVII.

*Turne away mine eyes from regarding
vanitie.*

¹
How like to threds of Flaxe
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires !
How like to yeelding Wax,
My soule dissolves before these wanton fires !
The fire, but touch'd ; the flame, but felt,
Like Flaxe, I burne ; like Wax, I melt.

²
O how this flesh does draw
My fetter'd soule to that deceitfull fire !
And how th'eternall Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire !
How truly bad, how seeming good
Are all the Lawes of Flesh and Blood !

³
O wretched state of Men,
The height of whose Ambition is to borrow
What must be paid agen,
With griping Int'rest of the next dayes sorrow !
How wild his Thoughts ! How apt to range !
How apt to varie ! Apt to change !

4

How intricate, and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire !
Sometimes upon the Ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire ;
His progresse is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food, he doth
Sustaine his soule-tormenting thoughts withall,
Is honey, in his mouth,
To night ; and in his heart, to morrow, Gall ;
'Tis oftentimes, within an houre,
Both very sweet, and very sowre.

6

If sweet *Corinna* smile,
A heav'n of Ioy breaks downe into his heart :
Corinna frownes a while ?
Hels Torments are but Copies of his smart :
Within a lustfull heart does dwell
A seeming Heav'n ; a very Hell.

7

Thus worthlesse, vaine and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths imployment ;
Which, ere they be enjoyd,
Distract us ; and destroy us in th' enjoyment ;
These be the pleasures that are priz'd,
When heav'ns cheape pen'worth stands despis'd.

8

Lord, quench these hasty flashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thundring skies,
And, ev'ry minut, dashes
Against the wanton windowes of mine eyes :
Lord, close the Casement, whilst I stand
Behind the curtaine of thy Hand.

S. A V G V S T. Soliloq. Cap. 4.

*O thou Sonne that illuminates both Heaven and Earth ; Woe
unto those eyes which do not behold thee : Woe be unto those
eyes which cannot behold thee : Woe be unto those which
turne away their eyes that they will not behold thee : Woe be unto
those that turne not away their eyes that they may behold vanity.*

S. C H R Y S. sup. Matth. 19.

*What is an evill woman but the enemy of friendship, an una-
voidable paine, a necessary mischiefe, a naturall temptation, a desi-
rable calamity, a domestick danger, a delectable inconvenience,
and the nature of evill painted over with the colour of good!*

EPIG. 5.

*'Tis vaine, great God, to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still :
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with Thee,
Or none can passe betwixt mine eyes and me.*

VI.



*If I have found fauour in thy sight, let:
my life be giuen me at my petition.*

Ester. 7. 3.

Will: Simpson Sculpsit

VI.

ESTER VII. III.

*If I have found favour in thy sight, and if it
please the King, let my life be given
me at my petition.*

Thou art the great *Assuerus*, whose command
Doth stretch from Pole to Pole ; The World's thy land ;
Rebellious *Vashti's* the corrupted Will,
Which being cal'd, refuses to fulfill
Thy just command : *Hester*, whose teares condole
The razed City's the Regen'rate Soule ;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptiall Honour in stout *Vashti's* place :
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwarte
Proud *Hamans* glory, is the Fleshly part :
The sober *Eunuch*, that recal'd to mind
The new-built Gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his owne ruine) fifty Cubits high,
A lustfull thought-controlling Chastity ;
A lustling *Haman* is that fleshly lust
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in Pride, and study how to tread
On *Mordecay*, till royall *Hester* plead :
Great King, my sent-for *Vashti* will not come ;
Let the oyle o'th blessed Virgins wombe

Cleanse my poore *Hester*; look, O looke upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beames of honour
So scour her captive staines, that she may prove
A holy Object of thy heav'nly love:
Annoint her with the Spicknard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetnesse of her chaste embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptiall Bed,
And set thy royall Crowne upon her head:
If then, ambitious *Haman* chance to spend
His spleene on *Mordecai*, that scornes to bend
The wilfull stiffnesse of his stubborne knee,
Or basely crouch to any Lord but Thee;
If weeping *Hester* should preferre a Grone
Before the high Tribunall of thy Throne,
Hold forth thy golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle Audience of a gracious Lord;
And let thy royall *Hester* be posselt
Of halfe thy kingdome, at her deare request:
Curbe lustfull *Haman*; him, that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish thy faire Queene before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himselfe ensnar'd
On that selfe Gibbet, that himselfe prepar'd,
So maye my lust, both Punishment, and Guilt
On that deare Crosse that mine owne Lusts have built.

S. A V G V S T. in Ep.

O holy Spirit, alwayes inspire me with holy works; constrain
me, that I may doe: Counsell me that I may love thee; Confirme
me, that I may hold thee; Conserue me that I may not lose thee.

S. A V G V S T. sup. Ioan.

The Spirit rusts where the flesh rests: For as the flesh is nour-
ished with sweet things, the Spirit is refreshed with iowre.

Ibid.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy Spirit? Then let thy Spi-
rit obey thy God: Thou must be govern'd, that thou mayst go-
uerne.

EPIC. 6.

Of Merc^y and Iustice is thy Kingdome built;
This plagues my Sin; and that removes my guilt:
When ere I sue, *Affuerus* like decline
Thy Scepter; Lord, say, Halfe my kingdome's thine.

VII.



*Come my beloved, let vs goe forth into y^e
fields, let vs remaine in y^e Villages. Cant. 7. y.*
W. Simpson. Sculp.

VII.

CANT. VII. XI.

*Come my beloved, let us goe forth into the
fields, and let us remaine in the villages.*

Christ.

Soule.

*C*OME, come, my deare, and let us both retire
And whiffie the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Phil'mel* and the shrill-mouth'd Quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lonely nest; and where the new-horne Bryer
Breaths forth the sweetnesse that her Aprill yeelds:
Come, come, my lovely faire, and let us try
These rurall delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and feare no stander by.

*M*y hearts eternall Ioy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world, a Buble;
Our Citi e-mansion is the fairer Home,
But Country-sweets are tang'd with lesser Trouble;
Let's try them both, and choose the better; Come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double:
On thy Commands depends my Goe, or Tarie;
Ile stirre with *Martha*; or Ile stay with *Marie*:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleasures varie.
Chr. Our

3

Chr. Our Countrey-Mansion (situate on high)
 With various Objects, still renews delight;
 Her arched Roofe's of unstain'd Ivory;
 Her wals of fiery-sparkling Chrysolite;
 Her pavement is of hardest Porphery;
 Her spacious windowes are all glaz'd with bright
 And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titans faint rayes, or *Vulcans* feeble fire;
 And ev'ry Gate's a Pearle; and ev'ry Pearle, entire.

4

Sou. Foole, that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
 How falsly was my fond conceit possess'd!
 I tooke it for an Hermitage, but pay'd
 And daub'd with neighboring dirt, and thatch'd at best
 Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd;
 A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles nest:
 Come, come; my deare, and let no idle stay
 Neglect th'advantage of the head-strong day;
 How pleasure grates, that feeles the Curb of dull delay!

5

Chr. Come, then my Ioy; let our divided paces
 Conduct us to our fairest Territory;
 O there wee'l twine our soules in sweet embraces;

Sou. And in thine Armes Ile tell my passion story:

Chr. O there Ile crowne thy head with all my Graces;

Sou. And all those Graces shall reflect thy Glory;

Chr. O there, Ile feed thee with celestiall *Manna*;
 Ile be thy *Elkanah* **Soul.** And I, thy *Hanna*.

Chr. Ile sound my Trump of Ioy. **So** And Ile resound *Hosanna*

S. BERN.

O blessed Contemplation ! The death of vices, and the life of
 virtues ! Thee the Law and Prophets admire : Who ever at-
 tain'd perfection, if not by Thee ! O blessed Solitude, the Maga-
 zin of celestiaall Treasure ! by thee things earthly, and transitory,
 are chang'd into heavenly, and eternall.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that Congregation, where
 Martha still complaines of Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick soule ; thou must not onely doe
 With Martha ; but, with Mary, ponder too :
 Happy's that house, where these faire sisters vary ;
 At most, when Martha's reconcil'd to Mary.

VIII.



*Draw me; we will run after thee because
of the savour of thy good oynments.*

Cant. 1. 4.

Will: Simpson. sculp.

VIII.

CANT. I. III.

*Draw me; we will follow after thee by the
Savour of thy Oyntments.*

Thus, like a lump of the corrupted Masse,
I lie secure; long lost, before I was:
And like a Block, beneath whose burthen lies
That undiscover'd Worme that never dies,
I have no will to rouse; I have no pow'r to rise.

Can stinking *Lazarus* compound, or strive
With death's entangling Fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raise it? or, it selfe, restore
And, from her sandy deepes, approach the dry-foot shore?

So hard's the task for sinfull flesh and Blood
To lend the smallest step to what is Good;
My God, I cannot move, the least degree;
Ah! If but onely those that active be
None should thy glory see, none should thy Glory see.

But if the Potter please t'informe the Clay;
Or some strong hand remove the Block away;
Their lowly fortunes soone are mounted higher,
That proves a vessell, which, before, was myre;
And this, being hewne, may serve for better use than fire.

And if that life-restoring voice command
 Dead *Laz'rus* forth ; or that great *Prophets* hand
 Should charme the fullen waters, and begin
 To beckon, or to dart a Stick but in,
 Dead *Laz'rus* must revive, and th' *Axe* must float agin.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
 To heare thy voice, or Eccho to thy call ;
 The gloomy Clouds of mine owne Guilt benight me ;
 Thy glorious beames, nor dainty sweets invite me ;
 They neither can direct ; nor these at all delight me.

See how my Sin-bemangled body lies,
 Nor having pow'r, to will ; nor will, to rise !
 Shine home upon thy Creature, and inspire
 My livelesse will with thy regen'rate fire ;
 The first degree to do, is onely to desire. ¶

Give me the pow'r to will ; the will, to doe ;
 O raise me up, and I will strive to go :
 Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
 That have no pow'r but meetly to resist ;
 O lend me strength to do ; and then command thy Lift.

My Soule's a Clock, whose wheeles (for want of use
 And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
 Of eating Rust) wants vigour to fulfill
 Her twelve houres task, and show her makers skill ;
 But idly sleepes unmoov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work : and therefore, Good ;
 If thou be pleas'd to cleane it with thy Blood ;
 And winde it up with thy soule-mooving kayes,
 Her busie wheeles shall serve thee all her dayes ;
 Her Hand shall point thy pow'r ; her Hammer strike thy pra

S. BERN. Serm. 21 in Cant.

Let us run : let us run, but in the savour of thy Oyntments, not
the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatnesse of our
might : we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for
though we run and are willing, it is not in him that wils, nor in
that runs, but in God that sheweth mercy : O let thy mercy
runne, and we will run : Thou, like a Gyant, run'st by thy own
merit ; We, unlesse thy oyntment breath upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Wake not, my Watch, being once repair'd, to stand
expecting motion from thy Makers hand.
As wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Coggs with blood:
Now thy wheeles stand still ; thou art not good.

IX.



*O that thou wert as my Brother, that
Sucked the Breasts of my Mother. Cant: 8.*
W. Marshall scul.

IX.

CANT. VIII. I.

*that thou wert as my brother, that sucked
the breasts of my mother, I would find thee
without, and I would kisse thee.*

1

O come, come my blessed Infant, and immure thee
Within the Temple of my sacred Armes ;
Secure mine Armes ; mine Armes shall, then, secure thee
From *Herods* fury, or the High Priests Harms ;
Or if thy danger'd life sustaine a losse,
My folded Armes shall turne thy dying Crosse.

2

ah, what savage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himselfe, be, by himselfe, controld,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses ?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Than there be *Myriads* in the dayes of *Cesar*.

3

Had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew thy birth,
So knowne thy Stock ; he had not sought to paddle
thy deare Blood ; but, prostrate on the earth,
Had layd his Crowne before thy royall Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his Glory downe,
And beg'd a heav'nly for an earthly Crowne.

P 3

Illustrions

4

Illustrious Babe ! How is thy Handmaid grac'd
 With a rich Armesfull ! How doest thou decline
 Thy Majesty, that wert, so late, embrac'd
 In thy great Fathers Armes, and now, in mine !
 How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
 Me with thy Spirit, and assume my flesh.

5

But must the Treason of a Traitors Haile
 Abuse the sweetnesse of these rubie lips ?
 Shall marble-hearted Cruelty assaile
 These Alabaster sides with knotted whips ?
 And must these smiling Roses entertaine
 The Blowes of scorne, and Flurts of base disdain ?

6

Ah ! must these dainty little sprigs that twine
 So fast about my neck, be pierc'd and torne
 With ragged nailes ? And must these Browes resign
 Their Crowne of Glory for a Crowne of thorne ?
 Ah, must this blessed Infant tast the paine
 Of deaths injurious pangs ? nay worse ; be slaine ?

7

Sweet Babe ! At what deare rates do wretched I
 Commit a sin ! Lord, ev'ry sin's a dart ;
 And ev'ry trespassse lets a javelin fly ;
 And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart :
 Pardon, sweet Babe, what I have done amisse,
 And scale that granted pardon with a kisse.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. I.

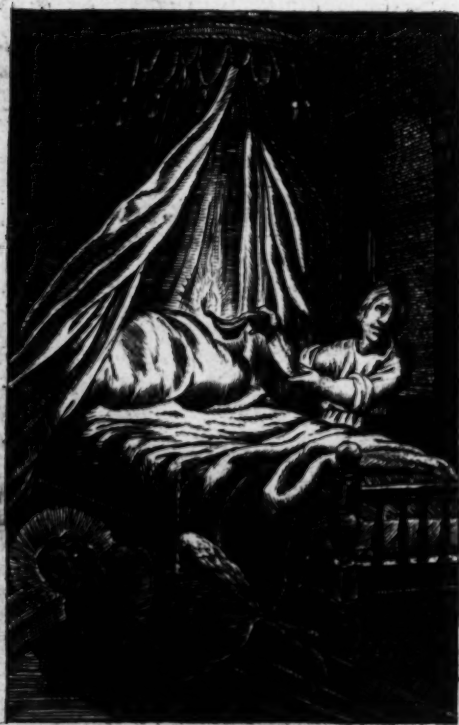
O sweet Iesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy
 society so delectable, nor thy Attraction so vertuous: For when I
 see thee, I am cleane; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I
 receive thee, I am a virgin: O most sweet Iesu, thy embraces de-
 file not, but cleanse; thy attraction pollutes not, but sanctifies: O
 Iesu, the fountaine of universall sweetnesse, pardon me, that I be-
 lieved so late, that so much sweetnesse is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greatest: Let not *Atlas* boast:
 Impartiall Reader, judge, which beares the most:
 He beares but Heav'n; My folded Armes sustaine
 Heav'ns Maker; whom heav'ns heav'n cannot containe.

P 4

X.



*By night on my bed I sought him whom my
 soule loueth; I sought him, but I found him not.
 Cant: 3. 3. Will: Simpson, sculp: sit.*

X.

CANT. III. I.

*In my bed, by night, I sought him, that my
soule loved; I sought him, but I
found him not.*

He learned Cynick, having lost the way
To honest men, did, in the height of day,
By Taper-light, divide his steps about
The peopled Streets, to find this dainty out;
But fail'd. The Cynick search'd not where he ought;
The thing he sought for was not where he sought:
The Wisemens taske seem'd harder to be done,
The Wisemen did, by Starre-light seeke the Son,
And found; the Wisemen search'd it where they ought;
The thing they hop'd to find, was where they sought:
One seeks his wishes where he should, but then
Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when:
Another searches when he should, but there
He failes, not seeking as he should, nor where:
Whose soule desires the good it wants; and would
Obtaine, must seek Where, As, and When he should:
How often have my wilde Affections led
My wasted soule to this my widdow'd Bed,
To seek my Lover, whom my soule desires!
I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fyres,

Thy

Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine ;
My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
How often have I sought this Bed, by night,
To find that greater, by this lesser light !
How oft has my unwitnest groanes lamented
Thy dearest absence ! Ah, how often vented
The bitter Tempests of despairing breath,
And tost my soule upon the waves of death !
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent teares, (teares lowder than a voice)
To plead my griefe, and woo thy absent care !
And yet thou wilt not come ; thou wilt not heare :
O is thy wonted love become so cold ?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should ?
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here ?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?
I see my error ; 'Tis not strange I could not
Find out my love ; I sought him where I should not :
Thou art not found in downy Beds of ease ;
Alas, thy musick strikes on harder keyes :
Nor art thou found by that false, feeble light
Of Natures Candle ; Our Ægyptian night
Is more than common darknesse ; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from Thee.
Well may my empty Bed bewaile thy losse,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shamefull Crosse :
If thou refuse to share a Bed with me ;
Wee'l never part, Ile share a Crosse with Thee.

ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seeke thee absent?
 If every where, why do I not see the present? Thou dwellest in
 light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? Or how
 shall I have accessse to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord,
 teach me to seeke thee, and show thy selfe to the seeker, because I
 can neither seeke thee, unlesse thou teach me, nor find thee, unlesse
 thou show thy selfe to me: Let me see thee, in desiring thee, and
 desire thee in seeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and
 love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy Bed?
 But now thy Rest is gone; thy Rest is fled:
 'Tis vaine to seeke him there; My soule, be wise;
 Go ask thy fiances; They'l tell thee where he lies.

X I.



*I will rise now & goe about the citie in the
 Streetes & in the broad wayes I will seeke
 him whom my Soule loveth I sought him
 but I found him not Cant: 3. 2. Will: simp son;*

XI.

CANT. III. II.

*I will rise, and go about in the City, and will
seeke him that my soule loveth : I sought
him, but I found him not.*

1

O How my disappointed soule's perplext !
How restless thoughts swarme in my troubled brest !
How vainely pleas'd with hopes ; then, crossely vext
With feares ! And how, betwixt them both, distressed !
What place is left unransack'd ? Oh ! Where, next,
Shall I go seek the Author of my Rest ?
Of what blest Angell shall my lips enquire
The undiscover'd way to that entire
And everlasting solace of my hearts desire !

2

Look how the stricken Hart, that wounded, flies
Ov'r hils and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streames ; the whil'st his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following Hounds,
At length, embost, he droopes, drops downe, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds :
Ev'n so my gasping soule, dissolv'd in teares,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafned eares
Lay me th'unransom'd Prisoner to my panick feares.

Where

3

Where have my busie eyes not pry'd ? O where,
 Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded ?
 I search'd this glorious City ; Hee's not here ;
 I sought the Countrey ; She stands empty-handed :
 I search'd the Court ; He is a stranger there :
 I ask'd the land ; Hee's shipp'd : the sea ; hee's landed ;
 I climb'd the ayre, my thoughts began t'aspire ;
 But, ah ! the wings of my too bold desire,
 Soaring too neare the Sun, were sing'd with sacred fire.

4

I moov'd the Merchants eare ; alas, but he
 Knew neither what I said, nor what to say :
 I ask'd the Lawyer ; He demands a Fee,
 And then demurres me with a vaine delay :
 I ask'd the Schoole-man ; His advise was free,
 But scor'd me out too intricate a way ;
 I ask'd the Watch-man (best of all the foure)
 Whose gentle answer could resolve no more ;
 But that he lately left him at the Temple doore.

5

Thus having sought, and made my great Inquest
 In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry eare,
 I threw me on my Bed ; but ah ! my rest
 Was poyson'd with th'extreames of griefe and feare,
 Where, looking downe into my troubled brest,
 The Magazen of wounds, I found him there ;
 Let others hunt, and show their sportfull Art ;
 I wish to catch the Hare before she start,
 As Potchers use to do ; Heav'ns Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS. Lib. 3 de Virg.

Christ is not in the market ; not in the streets : For Christ is
 pure ; in the market are strifes : Christ is Justice ; in the mar-
 ket is iniquity : Christ is a Labourer ; in the market is idlenesse :
 Christ is Charity ; in the market is slander : Christ is Faith ; in
 the market is fraud : Let us not therefore seeke Christ, where we
 cannot find Christ.

S. HIEROM. Ep. 22 Eustoch.

Iesus is jealous : He will not have thy face seene : Let foolish
 virgins ramble abroad ; seeke thou thy Love at home.

EPIG. II.

What lost thy Love ? Will neither Bed nor Board
 receive him ? Not by teares to be implor'd ?
 'Tis the Ship that mooves, and not the Coast ;
 I feare, I feare, my soule, 'tis thou art lost.

XII.



Saw yee him whom my Soule loveth? It was
 but a little that I passed from them but I found
 Him whom my soule loveth, I held Him and
 would not let him goe. Cant: 3. 4. will. sim. sculp.

XII.

CANT. III. III.

*Have you seene him whom my soule loveth?
When I had past a little frō them, then I found
him, I took hold on him, and left him not.*

1

WHat secret corner? What unwonted way
Has scap'd the ranfack of my rambling thoughts?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owle, by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought,
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my brest
The ready Road to Griefe, without request;
Day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest:

2

How has my unregarded language vented
The sad Tautologies of lavish passion?
How often have I languish'd, unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd without compassion!
I ask the Citie-Watch; but some deny'd me
The common streit, whilst others would misguide me;
Some would debarre me; some, divert me; some, deride me.

3

Yet, how the widow'd Turtle, having lost
The faithfull partner of her loyall Heart,
Twitches her feeble wings from Coast to Coast,
Haunts ev'ry path, thinks ev'ry shade does part

Q

Her

Her absent Love, and her ; At length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely Bed,
And there bewailes her everlasting widow-head ;

4

So when my soule had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and deare affection could contrive ;
I threw me on my Couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him, in whom I ceaſ'd to live :
But there injurious Hymen did preſent
His Lanſkip joyes ; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreames of briny teares ; teares never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoule was feeding
Vpon the rad'call Humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding,
He that was ſought, unſound, was found, unſought ;
As if the Sun ſhould dart his Orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night,
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſoules delight.

6

O how mine eyes, now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun, ſhot flames of equall fire !
Ah! how my ſoule, diſſolv'd with ov'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crowne of chaſt deſire !
How ſov'raigne joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious griefe ! And how my raviſht breaſt ---
But who can preſſe thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt ?

7

O how theſe Armes, theſe greedy Armes did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yeelding waſt !
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian vine
Ney'r cling'd their leſſe beloved Elme ſo faſt ;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, nor feather'd ſhot ;
Let Himens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot :
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

O R I G. Hom. 10 in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest Master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! How happy that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: For behold thy Love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

B E D E in Cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I held him being found.

F R I G. 12.

What? found him out? Let strong embraces bind him;
Hee'l fly perchance, where teares can never find him:
New Sins will lose what old Repentance gains:
Wisdom not onely gets, but got, retaines.

Q²

XII I.



*It is good for me to draw neare to y^e Lord
 I haue put my trust in y^e Lord God.
 Ps. 73. 28. Will Simpson. Engraver*

XIII.

PSAL. LXXII. XXVIII.

*It is good for me to draw neare to God; I
have put my trust in the Lord God.*

WHere is that Good, which wise men please to call
The Chiefest? Does there any such befall
Within mans reach? Or is there such a Good at all?

If such there be: it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which, there can be nothing higher;
Such Good must be the utter point of mans desire:

It is the Mark, to which all hearts must tend,
Can be desired for no other end,
Then for it selfe; on which, all other Goods depend:

What may this Exc'lenſe be? does it ſubſiſt
A royall Eſſence, clouded in the miſt
Of curious Art, or cleare to ev'ry eye that liſt?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An Edge, and keep the practick ſoule in ure,
Like that deare Chymick duſt, or puzzling Quadrature?

Where ſhall I ſeek this Good? Where ſhall I find
This Cath'licke pleaſure, whoſe extreames may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulph of my inſatiate mind?

Lies it in Treasure ? In full heaps untold ?
 Does gowty *Mammons* griping hand infold
 This secret Saint in sacred Shrines of sov'raigne Gold ?

No, no ; she lies not there ; Wealth often sows
 In keeping ; makes us hers, in seeming ours ;
 She slides from heav'n indeed, but not in *Dandies* shows.

Lives she in Honour ? No. The royall Crowne
 Builds up a Creature, and then batters downe :
 Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frowne.

In pleasure ? No, Pleasure begins in rage ;
 Acts the fooles part on earths uncertaine Stage,
 Begins the Play in Youth ; and Epilogues in Age.

These, these are bastard-goods ; the best of these
 Torment the soule with pleasing it, and please,
 Like water gulp'd in Fevers, with deceitfull ease.

Earths flattering dainties are but sweet distresses :
 Mole-hils performe the mountaines she professes ;
 Alas, can earth confer more good than earth possesses ?

Mount, mount my soule ; and let thy thoughts casheire
 Earths vaine delights, and make their full careire
 At heav'ns eternall joyes ; stop ; stop thy Courser there.

There shall thy soule possesse uncarefull Treasure ;
 There shalt thou swim in never-fading pleasure ;
 And blaze in Honour farre above the frownes of *Cesar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her Anchor fall
 On thee, the chiefest Good, no need to call
 For earths inferiour trash ; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 13.

*I follow this thing, I pursue that; but am fill'd with nothing.
 But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and
 only good, in my selfe, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what
 I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was possest, my whole
 selfe was satisfied.*

S. BERN. Ser. 9 sup. beati qui habent, &c.

*Let others pretend merit: let him brag of the burthen of the
 law; let him boast of his Sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is
 not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord,
 and to put my trust in my Lord God.*

EPIG. 13.

*Let Boreas blasts, and Neptunes waves be joyn'd,
 Thy Eolus commands the waves, the wind:
 Feare not the Rocks or worlds imperious waves:
 Thou climbst a Rock (my soule) a Rock that saves.*

XIV.



*I sat vnder the shadowe of him whom
I haue desired - Cane = 2 Will sin con
sculp.*

XIV.

CANT. II. III.

*I sat under his shadow with great delight,
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

1

Look how the sheep, whose rambling steps doe stray
From the safe blessing of her Shepheards eyes
Too soone, becomes the unprotected Prey
To the wing'd Squadron of beleagring flies,
Where, sweltred with the scorching beames of day,
She frisks from Bush to Brake; and wildly flies
From her own selfe, ev'n of her selfe affraid;
She shrowds her troubled browes in ev'ry Glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2

Ev'n so my wandring Soule, that has digrest
From her great Shepheard, is the hourly prey
Of all my Sinnes, These vultures in my Brest
Gripe my Promethian heart both night and day;
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay:
The eye of vengeance burnes; her flames invade
My sweltring Soule: My soule has oft assaid
But she can find no shrowd, but she can feele no Shade.

I

3

I sought the Shades of Mirth, to weare away
 My slow-pac'd houres of soule-consuming griefe ;
 I search'd the Shades of Sleepe, to ease my day
 Of griping sorrowes with a nights reprieft ;
 I sought the Shades of Death ; thought, there, t'allay
 My finall torments with a full relieft ;
 But Mirth, nor Sleepe, nor Death can hide my howres
 In the false Shades of their deceitfull Bowres ;
 The first distracts, the next disturbes, the last devoures.

4

Where shall I turne? To whom shall I apply me?
 Are there no Streames where a faint soule may wade?
 Thy Godhead, I E S V S, are the flames that fry me ;
 Has thy All-glorious Deity nev'r a Shade,
 Where I may sit, and vengeance never eye me,
 Where I might sit refresht, or unaffraid?
 Is there no Comfort? Is there no Refection?
 Is there no Covert that will give Protection
 T'a fainting soule, the subject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Looke up, my soule ; advance the lowly stature
 Of thy sad Thoughts ; advance thy humble eye :
 See, here's a Shadow found ; The humane nature
 Is made th'Vmbrella to the Deity,
 To catch the Sun-beames of thy just Creator ;
 Beneath this Covert thou maist safely lie ;
 Permit thine eyes to climbe this fruitfull Tree,
 As quick *Zaccheus* did, and thou shalt see
 A Cloud of dying flesh betwixt those Beames and thee.

G V I L L. in Cap. 2 Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rayes of the Sun of Iustice? Who shall not be consumed by his beames? Therefore the Sun of Iustice like flesh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body, a shadow may be made.

S. A V G V S T. Med. Cap. 37.

Lord, let my soule flee from the scorching thoughts of the world under the Covert of thy wings, that being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily, In peace will I lay me downe and rest.

E P I G. 14.

*Ah, trech'rous soule, would not thy Pleasures give
That Lord which made thee living, leave to live?
See, what thy finnes have done: Thy finnes have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy Shade.*

XV.



*How shall we sing the song of
the Lord in a strang Land vs. seul.*

XV.

PSAL. CXXXVII. IV.

*How shall we sing a song of the Lord
in a strange land?*

Urges me no more : This Ayry mirth belongs
To better times : These times are not for songs :
The sprightly Twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice : and both unsuit
My untun'd fortunes : The affected measure
Of straines that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure ;
Musick's the Child of mirth : where griefs assaile
The troubled soule, both voice and fingers faile ;
Let such as ravill out their lavish dayes
In honourable Ryot, that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a Sprite
Of madnesse by the Magick of delight ;
Let those of *Cupids* Hospitall that lie
Impatient Patients to a smiling eye,
That cannot rest, untill vaine hope beguile
Their flatter'd Torments with a wanton smile ;
Let such redeeme their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward Fortune with their frolick Songs :
My grief, my grieve's too great for smiling eyes
To cure, or Counter-charmes to exercise ;
The Ravens dismall Croakes, the midnight howles
Of empty Wolves, mixt with the screech of Owles ;

The nine sad knowls of a dull Passing Bell,
 With the loud language of a nighty knell,
 And horrid out-cries of revenged Crimes,
 Ioyn'd in a Medley's Musick for these Times ;
 These are no Times to touch the merry string
 Of *Orpheus* ; No, these are no times to sing :
 Can hide-bound Prisoners, that have spent their soules
 And famish'd Bodies in the noysome holes
 Of hell-black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
 Growne hoarse with begging Almes, to warble notes ?
 Can the sad Pilgrim, that has lost his way
 In the vast desert; there, condemn'd a Prey
 To the wild Subject, or his Salvage King ,
 Rouze up his palsey-smitten spir'its, and sing ?
 Can I a Pilgrim, and a Prisoner too,
 (Alas) where I am neither knowne, nor know
 Ought but my Torments, an unransom'd stranger
 In this strange Climat, in a land of danger,
 O, can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
 Thus made a Prisoner to a forreigne land ?
 How can my musick relish in your eares,
 That cannot speake for sobs, nor sing for teares ?
 Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unspell
 My poore *Euridicé*, my soule, from hell
 Of earths misconstru'd Heav'n, O then my brest
 Should warble Ayres, whose Rapsodies should feast
 The eares of Seraphims, and entertaine
 Heav'ns highest Deity with their lofly straine,
 A straine well drencht in the true Thespian Well :
 Till then ; earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewell.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues which are able to
 raise thee in holinesse and purity, with excessive sweetnesse and
 venerable exultation! From thence they praise thee, from whence
 they rejoyce, because they continually see for what they rejoyce,
 what they praise thee: But wee prest downe with this
 burden of flesh, farre remov'd from thy countenance in this
 mirage, and blowne up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily
 praise thee: We praise thee by faith; not face to face: but those
 angelicall Spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

I refuse to sing? Said I these times
 are not for Songs? nor musick for these Climes?
 Was my Errour: Are not Groanes and teares
 harmonious Raptures in th'Almighties cares?

I.



I charge yow, o yee Daughters of Ierusalem
if yee finde my beloved that yow tell him
that I am sicke of loue. Can: 5. d. w. simpson sculpsit

THE FIFT BOOK.

I.

CANT. V. VIII.

*Charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, if
you find my beloved, that you tell him
that I am sick of love.*

1

You holy Virgins, that so oft surround
The Cities Saphyre Wals, whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly Paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Ierus'lems Iasper street ;
Oh, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes ; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your Hopes ; If ere you chance to spie
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames, that furnac'd from his eye

2

Charge you, Virgins, as you hope to heare
The heav'nly Musick of your Lovers voice ;
Charge you by the solemne faith ye beare
To plighted vowes, and to the loyall choice
Of your Affections ; or, if ought more deare

R

You

You hold ; by Hymen ; by your marriage joyes,
 I charge you, tell him, that a flaming dart,
 Shot from his Eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart ;
 And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting brest
 Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soule is pin'd ;
 Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppress'd
 With the full torments of a troubled mind ;
 O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
 But I, in earnest ; Tell him, hee's unkind :
 But if a discontented frowne appears
 Vpon his angry Brow, accost his eares
 With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in teares.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
 My soule, of peace, while peace, in vaine, she seeks ;
 Tell him, those Damask roses, that did strive,
 With white, both fade upon my fallow cheeks ;
 Tell him, no token does proclaime I live,
 But teares, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks ;
 Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
 His harkning eare, and move a sigh, give ore
 To speak ; and tell him -- Tell him, that I could no more

5

If your elegious breath should hap to rouze
 A happy teare, close harb'ring in his eye,
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vowes,
 Which neither I can break, nor He deny ;
 Bewaile the Torments of his loyall Spouse,
 That for his sake, would make a sport to die :
 O blessed Virgins, how my passion tires
 Beneath the burthen of her vaine desires !
 Heav'n never shot such flames, Earth never felt such fires.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. 40.

*What shall I say? What shall I doe? Whether shall I goe?
Where shall I seek him? Or when shall I find him? Whom shall
I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am sick of love?*

G V L I E L. in Cap. 5. Cant.

*I live; But not I: It is my beloved that lives in me: I love
my selfe, not with my owne love, but with the love of my beloved,
that loves me: I love not my selfe in my selfe, but my selfe in him,
and him in me.*

E P I G. I.

*Grieve not (my soule) nor let thy love waxe faint,
Weepst thou to lose the cause of thy Complaint?
Hee'l come; Love nev'r was bound to Times nor Lawes;
Till then, thy teares complaine without a Cause.*

R 1

II.



Stay me with Flowers; Comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of love. Cant. 2.5.

Will: Marshall sculpsit

II.

CANT. II. V.

*Stay me with Flowers, and comfort me with
Apples, for I am sicke with love.*

I

O Tyrant love ! how does thy sov'raigne pow'r
Subject poore soules to thy imperious thrall !
They say, thy Cup's compos'd of sweet and sowre ;
They say, thy diet's Honey, mixt with Gall ;
How comes it then to passe, these lips of our
Still trade in bitter ; taste no sweet at all ?
O tyrant love ! Shall our perpetuall toyle
Nev'r find a Sabbath, to refresh, a while,
Our drooping soules ? Art thou all frowns, and nev'r a smile ?

2

You blessed Maids of Honour, that frequent
The royall Courts of our renown'd I E H O V E,
With Flow'rs restore my spirits faint, and spent ;
O fetch me Apples from Loves fruitfull Grove,
To coole my palat, and renew my sent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of Love :
These, will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they, will sweeten my unsav'ry houres ;
Refresh me then with Fruit, and comfort me with Flow'rs.

3

O bring me Apples to assuage that fire,
 Which, *Ætna*-like, inflames my flaming brest;
 Nor is it ev'ry Apple I desire,
 Nor that which pleases ev'ry Palat best:
 'Tis not the lasting *Deuzan* I require,
 Nor yet the red-cheek'd *Queening* I request;
 Nor that which, first, beshrewd the name of wife,
 Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;
 No, no, bring me an Apple from the Tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
 With the faire wealth of *Floras* Magazine;
 The purple *Violet*, and the pale-fac'd *Lilly*;
 The *Pauncy* and the *Organ Colombine*;
 The flowring *Thyme*, the gilt-boule *Daffadilly*;
 The lowly *Pink*, the lofty *Eglentine*:
 The blushing *Rose*, the *Queene of Flow'rs*, and best
 Of *Floras* beauty; but, above the rest,
 Let *Jesses* sov'raigne Flow'r perfume my qualming brest.

5

Haste, Virgins, haste; for I lie weake and faint,
 Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute;
 As if your silence neither car'd to grant,
 Nor yet your language to deny my suit?
 No key can lock the doore of my complaint,
 Vntill I smell this Flow'r, or taste that Fruit;
 Go, Virgins, seek this Tree, and search that Bow'r;
 O, how my soule shall blesse that happy houre,
 That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a Flow'r!

G I S T E N. in Cap. 2 Cant. Expos. 3.

O happy sicknesse ! where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it : O happy fever, that proceeds not from a consuming, but a calcining fire ! O happy distemper, wherein the soule relishes no earthly things, but onely savours divine nourishment !

S. B E R N. Sermon. 51 in Cant.

By flowers understand faith ; by fruit, good works : As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works : Neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith ;

E R I G. 2.

Why Apples, O my soule ? Can they remove
The Pangs of Griefe, or ease the flames of love ?
It was that Fruit which gave the first offence ;
That sent him hither ; that remov'd him hence.

III.



*My Beloved is mine and I am his, He
feedeth among the Lillies. Cant. 2.16.*

Will: Simpson. sculp.

III.

CANT. II. XVI.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his ; He
feedeth among the Lillies.*

1

EV'n like two little bank-dividing brookes,
That wash the pebles with their wanton streames,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nookes,
Meet both at length, in silver-breasted Thames ;
Where, in a greater Current they conjoyne :
So I my Best-Beloveds am ; so He is mine.

2

Ev'n so we met ; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd ; we both became entire ;
No need for either to renew a Suit,
For I was Flax, and he was Flames of fire :
Our firm united soules did more than twine ;
So I my Best-Beloveds am ; so He is mine.

3

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
The servile Quarters of this earthly Ball,
Should tender, in Exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my Fortunes for them all :
Their wealth is but a Counter to my Coyne ;
The world's but theirs ; but my Beloved's mine.

4

Nay, more ; If the faire Thespian Ladies, all
 Should heap together their diviner treasure :
 That Treasure should be deem'd a price too small
 To buy a minuts Lease of halfe my Pleasure ;
 'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
 Can buy my heart from Him ; or His, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
 My least desires unto the least remove ;
 Hee's firmly mine by Oath ; I, His, by Vow ;
 Hee's mine by Faith ; and I am His by Love ;
 Hee's mine by Water ; I am His, by Wine ;
 Thus I my Best-Beloveds am ; Thus He is mine.

6

He is my Altar ; I, his Holy Place ;
 I am his Guest ; and he, my living Food ;
 I'm his, by Pœnitence ; He, mine by Grace ;
 I'm his, by Purchase ; He is mine, by Blood ;
 Hee's my supporting Elme ; and I, his Vine :
 Thus I my Best-Beloveds am. Thus He is mine.

7

He gives me wealth : I give him all my Vowes ;
 I give Him songs ; He gives me length of dayes ;
 With wreathes of Grace he crownes my conqu'ring browes ;
 And I, his Temples, with a Crowne of Praise,
 Which he accepts as an everlasting signe,
 That I my Best-Beloveds am ; that He is mine.

S. A V G V S T. Manu. Cap. 24.

O my soule stamp with the Image of thy God; love him, of whom thou art so much beloved: Bend to him that bowes to thee, seek him that seeks thee: Love thy lover, by whose love thou art prevented, being the cause of thy love: Be carefull with those that are carefull, want with those that want; Be cleane with the cleane, and holy with the holy: Choose this friend above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remains onely faithfull to thee: In the day of thy buriall, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions, prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing Hymen to my soule: What? lost and found,
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soone, and crown'd!
He did but climbe the Crosse; and then came downe
To th' Gates of Hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a Crowne.

IV.



*I am my beloveds, & his Desire is
towards mee. Cant: 7-10. W: Simpson
sc:*

IV.

CANT. VII. X.

*I am my Beloveds, and his desire is
towards me.*

I

Like to the Artick needle, that does guide
The wandring shade by his Magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his filken Gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted houre,
Tosses franticks up and downe, from side to side,
And restless beats his christall'd Iv'ry case
With vaine impatience ; jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosome of his frozen Bride,
At length he slackes his motion, and does rest
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved Brest.

2

W'n so my soule, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
None would be settled, but she knowes not where ;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night :
She bowes to Honour ; then, she lends an eare
To that sweet Swan-like voice of dying Pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of Treasure ;
Now flatter'd with false hope ; now, foyl'd with Feare ;
Thus finding all the world's delights to be
Empty toyes, good G o d, she point's along to Thee.

But

3

But has the virtu'd Steele a pow'r to move ?
 Or can the untouch'd Needle point aright ?
 Or can my wandring Thoughts forbear to rove,
 Vnguided by the vertue of thy Spirit ?
 O has my leaden Soule the Art t'improve
 Her wasted Talents; and unrais'd, aspire
 In this sad moulting time of her desire ?
 Not first belov'd have I the pow'r to love ?
 I cannot stirre, but as thou please to move me,
 Nor can my heart returne thee love, vntill thou love me.

4

The still Commandresse of the silent night
 Borrowes her beames from her bright brothers Eye ;
 His faire Aspect fills her sharpe hornes with light,
 If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die ;
 E v'n so the beames of thy enlightning Sp'rite
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
 Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soule with fire,
 That I am ravisht with a new delight ;
 But if thou shrowd thy face, my glory fades,
 And I remaine a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

5

Eternall God, O thou that onely art
 The sacred Fountaine of eternall light,
 And blessed Loadstone of my better part,
 O thou my hearts desire, my soules delight,
 Reflect upon my soule ; and touch my heart,
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee ;
 And then my soule shall know thee ; knowing, love thee ;
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
 From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
 Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST. Mcd. Cap. 25.

If man can love man with so entire affection, that the one can
 not brooke the others absence; If a Bride can be joynd to her
 Bride-groome with so great an ardency of mind, that for the extre-
 mity of love she can enjoy no rest, not suffering his absence without
 great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the
 soule whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love the
 true God and glorious Bridegroome?

EPIG. 4.

My soule; thy love is deare; 'Twas thought a good
 And easie pen'worth of thy Saviours Blood:
 But be not proud; All matters rightly scan'd,
 'Twas over-bought: 'Twas sold at second hand.

V.



My Soule melted, when my beloved
 spake. Cant: 5. 6.
 Will: Simpson scul.

V.

CANT. V. VI.

*My Soule melted whilst my Beloved
spake.*

L Ord, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The pow'r to work thine eares into a flood
Of melted Mercy ? or the strength, t'unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to dissolve a Rock
Of marble Clouds into a morning show'r ?
Or has the breath of whining dust the pow'r
To stop, or snatch a falling Thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolve
From resolute Confusion, and instead
Of Vyals, poure full Blessings on our head ?
Or shall the wants of famish'd Ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick supply ?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'r's
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with Show'r's ?
Alas, what marvell then, great G O D, what wonder
If thy Hell-rouzing voice, that splits in sunder
The brazen Portals of eternall death,
What wonder if that life-restoring breath
Which drag'd me from th'infernall shades of night,
Should melt my ravish'd soule with ore-delight ?
O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious Sun ?

Me thinks his language, like a flaming Arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow;
Thy flames O *Cupid* (though the joyfull heart
Feeles neither tang of griefe, nor feares the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires)
Are torments weigh'd with these celestiaall fires;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O I languish in excesse of pleasure:
What ravisht heart, that feeles these melting Ioyes,
Would not despise and loathe the trech'rous Teyes
Of dunghill earth! what soule would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scornes, the worst that flesh and bloud
Had rancor to devise? Who would not beare
The worlds derision with a thankfull eare?
What palat would refuse full bowles of spight,
To gaine a minuts tast of such delight?
Great Spring of light, in whom there is no shade
But what my interposed sinnes have made,
Whose marrow-melting Fires admit no screene
But what my owne rebellions put betweene
Their precious flames, and my obdurate eare;
Disperse these plague-distilling Clouds, and cleare
My mungy Soule into a glorious day;
Transplant this screene, remooove this Barre away;
Then, then my fluent soule shall feele the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turne a sov'raigne Balsome, to make whole
Those wounds my sinnes inflicted on thy soule.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 34.

What fire is this that so warms my heart? What light is this
so enlightens my soule! O fire, that alwayes burnest, and ne-
ver goest out, kindle me: O light, which ever shinest, and art
never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heart from thee,
most holy fire! How sweetly doest thou burne! How secretly doest
thou shine! How desiderably doest thou inflame me!

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris Cap. 8.

It makes God man; and man, God; things temporall,
eternall; mortall, immortall; it makes an enemy a friend, a
servant, a son: vile things, glorious; cold hearts fiery, and hard
things liquid.

FIG. 5.

My soule; Thy gold is true; but full of dross; ;
Thy SAVIOURS breath refines thee with some losse;
His gentle Fornace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted, ere th'art cast anew.

S 2

VI.



Whom haue I in heaven but thee, or what
 desire I on earth in respect of thee. Ps: 73⁽²⁾
 W. S. sc:

VI.

PSAL, LXXIII. XXV.

*Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? and what
desire I on earth in respect of Thee?*

¹
I Love (and have some cause to love) the earth ;
She is my Makers Creature ; therefore Good :
She is my Mother ; for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender Nurse ; she gives me food :
But what's a Creature, Lord, compar'd with Thee ?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me ?

²
I love the Ayre ; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soule, and to new sweets invite me ;
Her shrill-mouth'd Quire sustaine me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me :
But what's the Ayre, or all the sweets that she
Can blesse my soule withall, compar'd to Thee ?

³
I love the Sea ; She is my fellow-Creature ;
My carefull Purveyor ; She provides me store ;
She wals me round ; She makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasure from a forreigne shore ;
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth, to me ?

4

To heav'n's high City I direct my Journey,
 Whose spangled Suburbs entertaine mine eye;
 Mine Eye, by Contemplations great Atturney,
 Transcends the Christall pavement of the sky;
 But what is heav'n, great GOD, compar'd to Thee?
 Without Thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without Thy presence Earth gives no Refection;
 Without Thy presence, Sea affords no treasure;
 Without Thy presence Ayre's a rank Infection;
 Without Thy presence Heav'n it selfe's no pleasure,
 If not posselt, if not enjoy'd in Thee,
 What's Earth, or Sea, or Ayre, or Heav'n to me?

6

The highest Honours that the world can boast
 Are subjects farre too low for my desire;
 The brightest beames of glory are (at most)
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly Glow-wormes, if compar'd to Thee.

7

Without Thy presence, wealth are Bags of Cares;
 Wisdome, but Folly; Ioy, disquiet sadnesse;
 Friendship is Treason, and Delights are snares;
 Pleasures but paine; and mirth, but pleasing Madnesse;
 Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have they being, when compar'd with Thee.

8

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
 And having Thee alone what have I not?
 I wish nor Sea, nor Land, nor would I be
 Posselt of Heav'n, Heav'n unposselt of Thee.

BONAVENT. Cap. I. Soliloq.

Alas my God, now I underst and (but blush to confesse) that the beauty of thy Creatures have deceived mine eyes; and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all thy creatures, to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty; For who hath adorned the heavens with Starres? Who hath stored the ayre with fowle? the waters, with fish? the earth, with plants and flowers? But what are all these, but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5 in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ; Having therefore all things in Him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall Reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorne this drosse within him; that, without him?
Cast up (my soule) thy clearer eye; Behold.
If thou be fully melted: There's the Mold.

VII.



Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with
 Moſech: & to have my habitation among the tents
 of Cedar: *Pſal: 120. 4. will: ſimpſon. ſculpt: ſit.*

VII.

PSAL. CXX. V.

*Woe is to me! that I remaine in Mesbech,
and dwell in the Tents of Kedar.*

IS Natures course dissolv'd? Does Times glasse stand?
Or has some frolick heart set back the hand
Of Fates perpetuall Clock? Wil't never strike?
Is crazy Time growne lazy, faint, or sick
With very Age? Or has that great Purroyall
Of Adamantine sisters late made tryall
Of some new Trade? Shall mortall hearts grow old
In sorrow? Shall my weary Armes infold
And underprop my panting sides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will sever
My well-spun Thred, that my imprison'd soule
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
Be ransom'd, but remaine a slave for ever?
It is the Lot of man but once to die,
But ere that death, how many deaths have I?
What humane madnesse makes the world affraid
To entertaine heav'n's joy? because convey'd
By th'hand of death? Will nakednesse refuse
Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruise
That brought them? Or will Poverty send back
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?

Life is a Bubble, blowne with whining breaths,
 Fil'd with the torments of a thousand deaths;
 Which, being prick't by death (while death deprives
 One life) presents the soule a thousand lives:
 O frantick mortall, how has earth bewitch'd
 Thy Bedlam soule, which has so fondly pitch'd
 Vpon her false delights! Delights, that cease
 Before enjoyment finds a time to please;
 Her fickle joyes breed doubtfull feares; her feares
 Bring hopefull Griefes; her griefes weep fearfull teares,
 Teares coyne deceitfull hopes; hopes, carefull doubt,
 And surly passion justles passion out:
 To day, we pamper with a full repast
 Of lavish mirth; at night, we weepe as fast:
 To night we swim in wealth, and lend; To morrow,
 We sink in want, and find no friend to borrow:
 In what a Climat does my soule reside!
 Where pale-fac'd Murther, the first-borne of pride,
 Sets up her kingdome in the very smiles,
 And plighted faiths of men-lib Crocadiles;
 A land, where each embroydred Sattin word
 Is lin'd with Fraud; where *Mars* his lawlesse sword
 Exiles *Astrea*s Balance; where that hand
 Now slayes his brother, that new-sow'd his land:
 O that my dayes of bondage would expire
 In this lewd Soyle! Lord, how my Soule's on fire
 To be dissolv'd! that I might once obtaine
 These long'd for joyes, long'd for, so oft, in vaine!
 If *Moses*-like, I may not live posselt
 Of this faire land; LORD, let me see't, at least.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 2.

My life is a fraile life; a corruptible life; A life, which the more increa'ses, the more decreases: The farther it goes, the nearer it comes to death: A deceitfull life, and like a shadow; full of the snares of death: Now I rejoyce; now I languish; now I flourish; now infirme; now I live, and straight I die; now I seeme happy, alwayes miserable, now I laugh, now I weepe: Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continues an houre in one state: O Ioy above Ioy, exceeding all Ioy, without which there is no Ioy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwels in thee?

EPIC. 7.

Art thou so weake? O canst thou not digest
An houre of travell for a night of Rest?
Cheare up, my Soule; call home thy spir'its, and beare
One bad Good-Friday; Full-mouth'd Easter's neare.

VIII.



*O wretched Man that I am; who shall
deliver me from the body of this Death?*

Rom: 7. 24.

Will: Simpson sculp.

VIII.

ROM. VII. XXIV.

*O wretched man that I am! who shall deli-
ver me from the body of this death?*

Behold thy darling, which thy lustfull care
Pampers; for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early Cates; For whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight scores to Nature, for whose sake
Base earth is Sainted, the Infernall Lake
Vnfear'd; the Crowne of Glory poorly rated;
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated:
Behold thy darling, whom thy soule affects
So dearly; whom thy fond Indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:
Behold thy darling, whom thy fondnesse feeds
With farre-fetch'd delicates, the deare-bought gaine
Of ill-spent Time, the price of halfe thy paines:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by Thee,
Derides thy nakednesse; and, when most free,
Proclaimes her lover, slave; and, being fed
Most full, then strikes th'indulgent Feeder dead:
What meanst thou thus, my poore deluded soule,
To love so fondly? Can the burning Cole
Of thy Affection last without the fuell
Of counter-love? Is thy Compere so cruell,

And

And thou so kind, to love unlov'd againe ?
 Canst thou sow favours, and thus reape disdain ?
 Remember, O remember thou art borne
 Of royall blood ; remember, thou art sworne
 A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heav'n ;
 Remember what a costly price was giv'n
 To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in ,
 And wilt thou now, my soule, turne slave agin ?
 The Son and Heire to Heav'ns triune I E H O V E
 Would faine become a Suitor for thy Love,
 And offers for thy dow'r, his Fathers Throne,
 To sit, for Seraphims to gaze upon ;
 Hee'l give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Things
 Transcending farre the Majesty of Kings:
 And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charmes
 Of this base Scullion ? Shall his hollow Armes
 Hugg thy soft sides ? Shall these course hands untie
 The sacred Zone of thy Virginitie ?
 For shame, degen'rous soule, let thy desire
 Be quickned up with more heroick fire ,
 Be wisely proud ; let thy ambitious eye
 Read nobler objects ; let thy thoughts desie
 Such am'rous basenesse ; Let thy soule disdain
 Th'ignoble profers of so base a Swaine ;
 Or if thy vowes be past, and Himens bands
 Have ceremonyed your unequall hands,
 Annull, at least avoid thy lawlesse Act
 With insufficiency, or a Præcontract :
 Or if the Act be good, yet maist thou plead
 A second Freedome ; for the flesh is dead.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyned to this body, I know not ; which when it is
 healthfull, provokes me to warre, and being damaged by warre,
 affects me with grieſe ; which I both love as a fellow-servant,
 and hate as an utter enemy ; It is a pleasant Foe, and a perfidious
 friend : O strange Conjunction and Alienation ! What I
 hate I embrace, and what I love I am affraid of ; Before I make
 warre, I am reconcil'd ; Before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that House be daub'd with flesh and blood ?
 Hang'd round with silks and gold ; repair'd with food ?
 Cost idly spent ! That cost does but prolong
 Thy thraldome ; Foole, thou mak'st thy Iayle too strong.

IX.



*I am in a Streight betwixt two haueing a
Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.
Phil: i. 23. Will Simpson. Sculpsit.*

IX.

PHIL. I. XXIII.

I am in a streight betweene two, having a desire to be dissolv'd, and to be with Christ.

1

What meant our carefull parents so to weare,
And lavish out their ill expended houres,
To purchase for us large possessions, here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours ?
What meant they, ah what meant they to indure
Such loads of needlesse labour, to procure,
And make that thing our own, which was our own too sure.

2

What meane these liv'ries and possessive kayes ?
What meane these bargaines, and these needlesse sales ?
What need these jealous, these suspitious wayes
Of law-devis'd, and law-dissolv'd entailes ?
No need to sweat for gold ; wherewith, to buy
Estates of high-priz'd land ; no need to tie
Earth to their heires, were they but clog'd with earth as I.

3

O were their soules but clog'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an Itch ;
They would not take, of Almes, what now they buy ;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich :

T

They

They would not take such paines, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log;
Who has the greater lands, has but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdaines not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speake a word which earth prophanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not;
If I but offer up an early groane,
Or spread my wings to heav'ns long long'd for Thron
She darken my complaints, and drags my Offering downe.

5

Ev'n like the Hawlk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a prisner to her wethring stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank Bate from her forsaken Block,
But her too faithfull Leash does soone restrain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vaine;
It gives her loynes a twitch, and tugs her back againe.

6

So, when my soule directs her better eye
To heav'ns bright Pallace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me downe, I cannot, cannot rise;
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foiles me on my knee;
L O R D, how my soule is rackt, betwixt the world and The

7

Great G O D, I spread my feeble wings, in vaine;
In vaine I offer my extended hands;
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chaine;
I cannot come till thou release my Bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th'Eagle shall not flie
A pitch that's half so faire, nor half so swift as I.

BONAVENT. Cap. I. Soliloq.

*Oh sweet Iesus, pierce the marrow of my soule with the health-
full shafts of thy love, that it may truly burne, and melt, and lan-
guish with the onely desire of thee; that it may desire to be dis-
solu'd, and to be with thee: Let it it hunger alone for the bread of
life; let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountaine of eternall
light, the streame of true pleasure: let it alwayes desire thee, seek
thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.*

EPIG. 9.

What? will thy shackles neither loose, nor breake?
Are they too strong? or is thy Arme too weake?
Art will prevaile where knotty strength denies;
My soule; there's *Aqua fortis* in thine eyes.

X.



Bring my soule out of Prison that I may praise
thy Name : Ps: 142. 7. will: simpson. scilicet

X.

PSAL. CXLII. VII.

*Bring my soule out of prison, that I may
praise thy Name.*

MY Soule is like a Bird ; my Flesh, the Cage ;
Wherein, she weares her weary Pilgrimage
Of houres as few as evill, daily fed
With sacred Wine, and Sacramentall Bread ;
The keyes that locks her in, and lets her out,
Are Birth, and Death ; 'twixt both, she hopps about
From perch to perch ; from Sense to Reason ; then,
From higher Reason, downe to Sense agen :
From Sense she climbs to Faith ; where, for a season,
She sits and sings ; then, down againe to Reason ;
From Reason, back to Faith ; and straight, from thence
She rudely flutters to the Perch of Sense ;
From Sense, to Hope ; then hopps from Hope to Doubt ;
From Doubt, to dull Despaire ; there, seeks about
For desp'rate Freedome ; and at ev'ry Grate,
She wildly thrusts, and begs th'untimely date
Of unexpired thraldome, to release
Th'afflicted Captive, that can find no peace :
Thus am I coop'd within this fleshly Cage,
I weare my youth, and wast my weary Age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint :

Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From Shrubs to Cedars, and there chirp and sing,
In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
Of mans Redemption and his Makers Glory:
You glorious Martyrs; you illustrious Troopes,
That once were cloyster'd in your fleshly Coopes,
As fast as I, what Reth'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiac Songs?
What *Paul*-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion?
What shackle-breaking Faith infus'd such motion
To your strong Pray'rs, that could obtaine the boone
To be enlarg'd, to be uncag'd so soone?
When I (poore I) can sing my daily teares,
Growne old in Bondage, and can find no cares:
You great partakers of eternall Glory,
That with your heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your soules from your terrestriall Cage,
Permit the passion of my holy Rage
To recommend my sorrowes (dearely knowne
To you, in dayes of old; and, once, your owne)
To your best thoughts, (but oh 't does not besit ye
To moove our pray'rs; you love and joy; not pitie:
Great LORD of soules, to whom should prisners flie,
But Thee? Thou hadst thy Cage, as well as I:
And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
The sorrowes that it brought, and feltst them too;
O set me free, and I will spend those dayes,
Which now I wast in begging, in Thy praise.

ANS E L M. in Protolog. Cap. 1.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created ! Alas ! What has hee left ? And what has hee found ? He has lost happinesse for which he was made, and found misery for which he was not made : What is gone ? and what is left ? That thing is gone, without which hee is unhappy ; that thing is left, by which he is miserable : O wretched men ! From whence are we expell'd ? To what are we impell'd ? Whence are we throwne ? And whether are we hurried ? From our home into banishment ; from the sight of God into our own blindness ; from the pleasure of immortality to the bitterness of death : Miserable change ? From how great a good, to how great an evill ? Ah me ; What have I enterpris'd ? What have I done ? Whither did I goe ? Whither am I come ?

EPIG. 10.

Pauls Midnight voice prevail'd ; his musicks thunder
Unhing'd the prison doores ; split bolts in sunder :
And sitt thou here ? and hang'st the feeble wing ?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd ? Soule, learne to sing.

XI.



As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks,
 So panteth my soule after thee O Lord.

Will. Simpson. Sculpt.

XI.

PSAL. XLII. I.

*As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks,
so panteth my soule after thee O God.*

I

HOW shall my tongue expresse that hallow'd fire
Which heav'n has kindled in my ravisht heart !
What Muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly Quill to act a lofty part !
What Art shall I devise t' expresse desire,
Too intricate to be exprest by Art !
Let all the nine be silent ; I refuse
Their aid in this high task, for they abuse
The flames of Love too much : Assist me *Dauids* Muse,

2

Not as the thirsty soyle desires soft showres,
To quicken and refresh her Embtion graine ;
Nor as the drooping Crests of fading flowres
Request the bounty of a morning Raine,
Do I desire my **G O D** : These, in few houres,
Re-wish, what late their wishes did obtaine,
But as the swift-foot Hart does, wounded, flie
To th' much desired streames, ev'n so do I
Pant after Thee, my **G O D**, whom I must find, or die.

Before

3

Before a Pack of deep-mouth'd Lusts I flee ;
 O, they have singled out my panting heart,
 And wanton *Cupid*, sitting in a Tree,
 Hath pierc'd my bosome with a flaming dart ;
 My soule being spent, for refuge, seeks to Thee,
 But cannot find where Thou my refuge art :
 Like as the swift-foot Hart does, wounded, flie
 To the desired streames, ev'n so do I
 Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find, or die.

4

At length, by flight, I over-went the Pack ;
 Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound ;
 The blood, that follow'd, left a purple track,
 Which brought a Serpent, but in shape, a Hound ;
 We strove ; He bit me ; but thou brak'st his back,
 I left him grov'ling on th'envenom'd ground ;
 But as the Serpent-bitten Hart does flie
 To the long-long'd for streames, ev'n so did I
 Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find or die.

5

If lust should chase my soule, made swift by fright,
 Thou art the streames whereto my soule is bound ;
 Or if a Iav'lin wound my sides, in flight,
 Thou art the Balsom that must cure my wound ;
 If poyson chance t'infest my soule, in fight,
 Thou art the Treacle that must make me sound ;
 Ev'n as the wounded Hart, embost, does flie
 To th' streames extremely long'd for, so do I
 Pant after Thee, my G o d, whom I must find, or die.

CYRIL. lib. 5 in Ioh. Cap. 10.

O precious water, which quenches the noysome thirst of this world, that scoures all the stains of sinners; that waters the earth of our soules with heavenly showers, and brings backe the thirsty heart of man to his onely God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountaine of life, and veine of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy vertue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streames of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst, Lord, I thirst. after thee the living God.

EPIG. II.

*The Arrow-smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' Springs with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy Spring: If Sathans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides; do so, my wounded Hart.*

XII.



*When shall I come and appeare before
the Lord Ps : 42 . 2 . W.M. sculp:*

XII.

PSAL. XLII. II.

*When shall I come and appeare
before God?*

VVHat is my soule the better to be tinde
With holy fire? What boots it to be coynd
With heav'n's own stamp? What vantage can there be
To soules of heav'n-descended Pedegree,
More than to Beasts, that grovell? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighty's hand? and, ev'ry day,
Fill'd with His Blessing too? Do they not see
G O D in His creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not tast Thee? heare Thee? nay, what Sense
Is not partaker of Thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what serves our reason,
But, like dark lanthornes, to accomplish Treason
With greater closenesse? It affords no light,
Brings Thee no nearer to our purblind sight;
No pleasure rises up the least degree,
Great G O D, but in the clearer view of Thee:
What priv'ledge more than Sense, has Reason than?
What vantage is it to be borne a man?
How often has my patience built, (deare L O R D)
Vaine Tow'rs of Hope upon Thy gracious Word?
How often has Thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek Thy face!

How

How often has thy hope-reviving Grace
 Woo'd my suspitious eyes to seek Thy face !
 How often have I sought Thee ? Oh how long
 Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
 Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could nev'r obtaine ;
 In vaine I seek Thee, and I beg in vaine :
 If it be high presumption to behold
 Thy face, why didst Thou make mine eyes so bold
 To seek it ? If that object be too bright
 For mans Aspect, why did thy lips invite
 Mine eye to expect it ? If it might be seene,
 Why is this envious curtaine drawne betweene
 My darkned eye and it ? O tell me, why
 Thou dost command the thing Thou dost deny ?
 Why dost thou give me so unpri'z'd a treasure,
 And then deny'st my greedy soule the pleasure
 To view thy gift ? Alas, that gift is void,
 And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd :
 If those refulgent Beames of heav'ns great light
 Guild not the day, what is the day, but night ?
 The drouzie Shepheard sleeps ; flowres droop and fade ;
 The Birds are sullen, and the Beast is sad ;
 But if bright *Titan* dart his golden Ray,
 And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
 The jolly Shepheard pipes ; Flowres freshly spring ;
 The beast growes gamefome, and the birds they sing :
 Thou art my Sun, great G O D, O when shall I
 View the full beames of thy Meridian eye ?
 Draw, draw this fleshly curtaine, that denies
 The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes ;
 Or give me Faith ; and, by the eye of Grace,
 I shall behold Thee, though not face to face.

S. A V G V S T. in Psal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautifull than all things: who made strength is stronger than all things: who made great things is greater than all things: Whatsoever thou lovest he is that to thee: Learne to love the workman in his worke; the Creator in his creature: Let not that which was made by Him possesse thee, lest thou lose Him by whom thy selfe was made.

S. A V G V S T. Med. Cap. 37.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most faire, when shall I see Thee? when shall I be satisfied with Thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this darke dungeon, that I may confesse thy name?

EPIG. 12.

*How art thou shaded in this vale of night,
Behind thy Curtaine flesh? Thou seest no light;
But what thy Pride does challenge as her owne;
Thy Flesh is high: Soule, take this Curtaine downe.*

XIII.



*Oh if I had the wings of a Dove: for then I
 would fly away, & be at rest. Ps: 55. 6
 W. Simpson. sc:*

XIII.

PSAL. LV. VI.

*O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I
would flee away and be at rest.*

1

ANd am I sworne a dunghill slave for ever
To earths base drudg^ry? Shall I never find
A night of Rest? Shall my Indentures never
Be cancel'd? Did injurious nature bind
My soule earths Prentice, with no Clause, to leave her?
No day of freedome? Must I ever grinde?
O that I had the pineons of a Dove
That I might quit my Bands, and sore above,
And powre my just Complaints before the great I E H O V H!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r,
When ere they please, to spread their ayry wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can tow'r
Above the Sent of these inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry howre,
Leaves earth, and then for joy, mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soule but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip away,
As wise *Astræa* did, and scorne this ball of Clay!

V

3

O how my soule would spurne this Ball of Clay,
 And loath the dainties of earths painfull pleasure !
 O how I'de laugh to see men night and day,
 Turmoyle, to gaine that Trash they call their treasure !
 O how I'de smile to see what plots they lay
 To catch a blast, or owne a smile from *Cesar* !
 Had I the pineons of a mounting Dove,
 How I would fore and sing, and hate the Love
 Of transitory Toyes, and feed on Ioyes above !

4

There should I find that everlasting Pleasure,
 Which Change removes not, & which Chance prevents not ;
 There should I find that everlasting Treasure,
 Which force deprives not, fortune dis-augments not ;
 There should I find that everlasting *Cesar*,
 Whose hand recals not, and whose heart repents not :
 Had I the pineons of a clipping Dove,
 How I would climbe the skies, and hate the Love
 Of transitory Toyes, and joy in Things above !

5

No rank-mouth'd slander, there, shall give offence,
 Or blast our blooming names, as here they doe ;
 No liver-scalding Lust shall, there, incense
 Our boyling veines : There is no *Cupids* Bow :
 LORD, give my soule the milk-white Innocence
 Of Doves, and I shall have their pineons too :
 Had I the pineons of a sprightly Dove,
 How I would quit this earth, and fore above, (HOV. 1.
 And heav'ns blest kingdome find, with heav'ns blest King I a-

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 138.

What wings should I desire but the two precepts of love, on which the Law and the Prophets depend? O if I could obtaine these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Justice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find those wings by love which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. 76.

Let us cast off whatsoever binders, entangles or burthens our sight untill we attaine that which satisfies, beyond which nothing is, beneath which, all things are, of which, all things are.

EPIG. 13.

*Tell me, my wishing soule, didst ever trie
How fast the wings of Red-croft Faith can flie?
Why beg'st thou then the pineons of a Dove?
Faiths wings are swifter, but the swiftest, Love.*

V a

XIV.



*How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord
 of Hosts, my Soule longeth, yea euen
 fainteth for the courts of the Lord:*

Ps. 84. 1

Will. Marshall. Sculp.

XIV.

PSAL. LXXXIV. I.

*How amiable are thy Tabernacles
O God of Hosts:*

ANcient of dayes, to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory, Seraphims do bow
Their blushing Cheeks, and vale their blemisht faces;
That, uncontaind, at once, dost fill all places,
How glorious, O how farre beyond the height
Of puzzled Quils, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and Blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortall tongues, are thy expresse Courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Ravish my Fancy, and inspire my heart,
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing Sense, what Faith alone should see.

Ten thousand Millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angell-measur'd leagues from th'Easterne shore
Of dungeon earth this glorious Palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates, ten thousand Bands
Of armed Angels wait, to entertaine
Those purged soules, for whom the Lamb was slaine,
Whose guiltlesse death, and voluntary yeelding
Of whose giv'n life gave this brave Court her building;
The lukewarme Blood of this deare Lamb being spilt,
To Rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;

And what dropt downe in cold and gelid gore,
Did turne rich Saphyrs, and impav'd her floore :
The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew Chrysolites, whereof her wals were made ;
The milder glaunces sparkled on the Ground,
And grunfile ev'ry doore with Diamond :
But, dying, darted upwards, and did fixe
A Battlement of purest Sardonix :
Her streets with burnisht Gold are paved round ;
Starres lie like pebbles scattred on the ground :
Pearle, mixt with Onyx, and the Iasper stone,
Made gravil'd Cauſwayes to be trampled on :
There shines no Sun by day ; no Moone, by night ;
The Pallace glory is the Pallace light :
There is no time to measure motion by,
There, time is swallow'd with Eternity ;
Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-haunting lust,
And twy-fac'd Fraud ; and beetle-brow'd Distrust ;
Soule-boyling Rage ; and trouble-state sedition ;
And giddy doubt ; and goggle-ey'd suspicion ;
And lumpish sorrow, and degen'rous feare
Are banisht thence, and death's a stranger there :
But simple love, and sempiternall joyes,
Whose sweetnesse neither gluts, nor fulnesse cloyes ;
Where face to face, our ravisht eye shall see
Great E L O H I M, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and, seeing Him, shall blesse Him,
And blessing, love Him ; and, in love, possesse Him :
Here stay, my soule, and ravish in relation :
Thy words being spent ; spend now, in Contemplation.

S. GREG. in Psal. 7 penitent.

Sweet Iesus, the Word of the Father, the brightnesse of paternall glory, whom Angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed City, where day is eternall, where there is certaine security, and secure eternity, and eternall peace, and peacefull happinesse, and happy sweetnesse, and sweet pleasure; where thou O God with the Father and the holy Spirit livest and raignest world without end.

Ibid.

There is light without darknesse; joy without griefe; desire without punishment; love without sadnesse; satiety without loathing; safety without feare; health without disease; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

*My soule, pry not too nearely, The Complexion
Of Sols bright face is seen, but by Reflexion:
But wouldst thou know what's heav'n? Ile tell thee what;
Think what thou canst not think, and Heav'n is that.*

XV.



Make hart my Beloved, and be Thom like
 to a Roe, or to a yong Hart vpon the
 Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 2. 14. will pre-se

XV.

CANT. VIII. XIV.

*Make haste my Beloved, and be like the Roe
or the young Hart upon the Moun-
taines of Spices.*

GO, gentle Tyrant, goe ; thy flames do pierce
My soule too deep ; thy flames are too too fierce :
My marrow melts ; my fainting Spirits fry
Ith' torrid Zone of thy Meridian Eye ;

Away, away : Thy sweets are too perfuming ;
Turne, turne thy face ; Thy fires are too consuming :

Hast hence ; and let thy winged steps out-goe
The frighted Roe-buck, and his flying Roe :

But wilt thou leave me then ? O thou that art
Life of my Soule, Soule of my dying heart,
Without the sweet Aspect of whose faire Eyes,
My soule does languish, and her solace dies ;
Art thou so easily woo'd ? So apt to heare
The frantick language of my foolish feare ?

Leave, leave me not ; nor turne thy beauty from me,
Looke, looke upon me, though thine eyes ov'rcome me.
O how they wound ! But, how my wounds content me !
How sweetly these delightfull paines torment me !
How I am tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties too cruell pleasure !

Turne,

Turne, turne away ; remove thy scorching beames ;
I languish with these bitter-sweet extreames ;

Hast then, and let thy winged steps out-goe

The flying Roe-buck, and his frightened Roe,

Turne back, my deare ; O let my ravisht eye

Once more behold thy face before thou flie ;

What? shall we part without a mutuall kisse ?

O who can leave so sweet a face as this ?

Looke full upon me ; for my soule desires

To turne a holy Martyr in those fires :

O leave me not, nor turne thy beauty from me ;

Looke, looke upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

If thou becloud the Sun-shine of thine eye,

I freeze to death ; and if it shine, I frie ;

Which like a Fever, that my soule has got,

Makes me to burne too cold, or freeze too hot ;

Alas, I cannot beare so sweet a smart,

Nor canst thou be lesse glorious than thou art ;

Hast then, and let thy winged steps out-goe

The frightened Roe-buck, and his flying Roe,

But goe not farre beyond the reach of breath ;

Too large a distance makes another death :

My youth is in her Spring ; Autumnall vowes

Will make me riper for so sweet a Spouse,

When after-times have burnish'd my desire,

Ile shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire,

O leave me not, nor turne thy beauty from me ;

Looke, looke upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Author scalz Paradisi. Tom. 9. Aug. Cap. 8.

Feare not O Bride, nor despaire; Thinke not thy selfe condemn'd, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things co-operate for the best: Both from his absence, and his presence thou gaineest light: He comes to thee, and he goes from thee; He comes, to make thee console; He goes, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puffe thee up: He comes, that thy languishing soule may be comforted; He goes; lest his familiarity should be contemned; and, being absent, to be more desired; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

FIG. 15.

My soule, sinnes monster, whom, with greater ease
Ten thousand fold, thy GOD could make than please:
What wouldst thou have? Nor pleas'd with Sun, nor shade?
Heav'n knowes not what to make of what He made.



Fidei usque ad Mortem. Coronat ad aras.

will: mar: hall: sculp:

THE FAREWELL.

REVEL. II. X.

*Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give
thee the crowne of life.*

BE^I faithfull? LORD, what's that?
Believe: 'Tis easie to Believe; But what?

That He whom thy hard heart has wounded,
And whom thy scorne has spit upon,
Has paid thy Fine, and has compounded
For those foule deeds thy hands have done.

Believe, that He whose gentle palmes
Thy needle-pointed Sinnes have na'l'd,
Have borne thy slavish load (of Almes)

And made supply where thou hast fail'd:

Did ever mis'ry find so strange Reliefe?

It is a Love too strong for mans Beliefe.

²
Believe that He whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, di'd,
To save thy guilty soule from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no scape, there was no flying,
But through his dearest bloods expence:
Believe, this dying Friend requires
No other thanks for all his paine;

But ev'n the truth of weake desires,
 And for his love, but love againe;
 Did ever mis'ry find so true a Friend?
 It is a love too vast to comprehend.

3

With Floods of teares baptize
 And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
 LORD, whet my dull, my blunt believe,
 And break this fleshly rock in sunder,
 That from this heart, this hell of griefe
 May spring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
 O, if thy mercies will remove
 And melt this lead from my believe,
 My griefe will then refine my love,
 My love will then refresh my griefe:
 Then weepe mine eyes as He has bled; vouchsafe
 To drop for ev'ry drop an Epitaph.

4

But is the Crowne of Glory
 The wages of a lamentable Story?
 Or can so great a purchase rise
 From a salt Humour? Can mine eye
 Run fast enough t'obtaine this Prize?
 If so, LORD, who's so mad to die?
 Thy Teares are Trifles; Thou must doe:
 Alas, I cannot; Then endeavour:
 I will: But will a tugg or two
 Suffice the turne? Thou must persevere:
 Ile strive till death; And shall my feeble strife
 Be crown'd? Ile crowne it with a Crowne of life,

5

But is there such a dearth,
 That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?

He whom Thy hands did forme of dust,
And gave him breath upon Condition,
To love his great Creator, must
He now be thine, by Composition ?
Art thou a gracious G o d, and mild,
Or head-strong man rebellious rather ?
O, man's a base rebellious Child,
And thou a very gracious Father :
The Gift is Thine ; we strive ; Thou crown'st our strife ;
Thou giv'st us Faith ; and Faith, a Crowne of Life.

THE END.

THE END

THE END



A D
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
REGE M.

Anagramma quadruplex.

E St Ortu Charus, Largus, Via, Norma, Columna,
Tuta Salus, Vires, Cœr (Anglis); Sic sua caute
Regna MA RO plus, ac Marvortius ornat ACHILLES.

1. CAROLUS STEVVARTIUS ANGLORUM MONARCHA.
2. CAROLUS STEUARTIUS. 3. CAROLUS primus STEVVARTIUS
Angliæ ac Scotiæ Monarcha. 4. CAROLUS STEUARDUS.

CAROLE, sepositi 4 Sol charus & arduus Orbis,
Splendida Brittanniæ Gloria, Pacis Honos,
Deliciæ Imperij, Decus & Evi, Gemma Regentium,
Laus Vatum, Charitum Gratia, Cura DEI,
Cujus ab unius Requies stat nostra Quiete,
Lucra, Luero; Vitâ, Vita; Salute, Salus;

QUARLESIAS merito dignare Favore Camenas,
Hoc Regem tantum, quantus es Ipse, decet;
Eripe (quid TIBI non facile est?) scrobe Semen egenâ,
Da pingui infigi nobile Semen humo;
Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat:

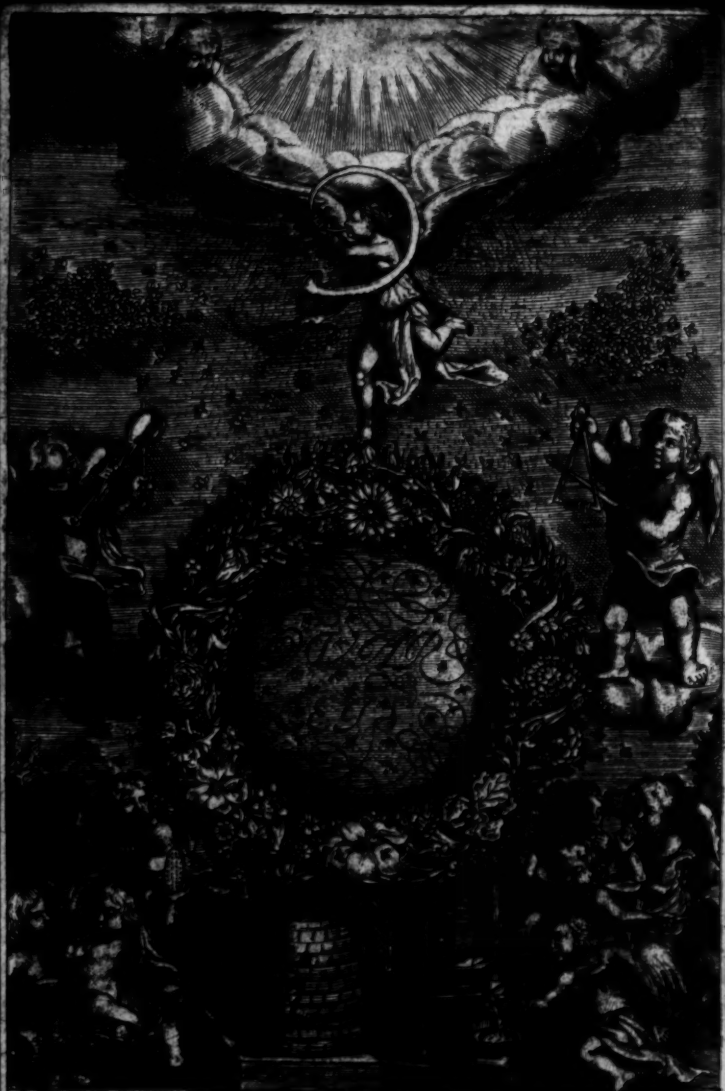
Inferre Eum *Sulco* aurato, & *Seges* aureæ surget
Ingenij, Applausus sancta *Theatra* dabunt:
Hæc mea sunt, sed non mea tantum *Vota*, nec *Vnus*
Hoc petit, unanimis *Turba* sat ampla sumus;
Credimus; eveniat, nec Spe lactemur inani;
Maeste *Britannigenum* Maxime, *clarus* *Ayis*,
Clarior Imperio, *Musis* clarissimus, ito,
Olim & idem spatium *Laudis*, ut *Orbis*, erit:
Annum, non *Annos* *Tibi*, *R E X*, optamus; at *Annus*
Hic (si nostra valent *Vota*) *Platonis* erit:
Vive, præi meritis *Augustum*; *Nestora*, *Sæclis*;
Nervam, *Laude*; *Numam*, *Pace*, *Favore*, *Titum*;
Et longum *foelix* sis *Præfule*, *Plebe*, *Senatu*,
Iure, *Magistratu*, *Milite*, *Classe*, *Scholis*:
Sic *Hyberna* *Chelys*, sic *Lilia* terna, *Leones*
Sic quatuor semper, *R E X*, tria *Regna*, beent:
Sic *Sæclis* maneat *Nomen*, sic terminet *Æquor*
Imperium, *Terras*, *Laus*; *Animusq;* *Polos*.

Sit *Tibi* pro *Scenâ*, *Mundus*; pro *Lampade*, *Phæbus*,
Pro *Solio*, *Cælum*: Sit *Diadema* *Deus*.

Sic humillimus precatur

EDOUARDUS BENLOUVES.





Nunc, vivens age quod cupias in morte peractum.

Q V A R L E I S.

Postico appendo Corollam.

PRæli iterum prodis pictus Fuligine ? *Quidat*
M O M B ? placere Mihi est displicuisse Tibi.
Sin ita Q V A R L V S ait, nunquam mihi tarpiter hirtis
Post vitiata Metris Virgo Papyrus erit.

Tam Pietati, quàm Personæ.

Semper Spectator tantùm Nunquam Actor ? *Qcellis*
Satq; superq; datum est, jam cape *Lingua* vices.
Prodeo. **Q V A R L E**, sacra deus immortale *Thalæ*,
Dum perago Tecum plura, sed apta, vaca.
Disticha, *Amice*, petens, tantùm superena tulisti;
Ne pete, multa feres ; Ne lege, & ultus eris :
Sin autem hæc placeant, lege cuncta placenta læd.
Sin minùs, Equis Te cogit, ut ulla legas ?
Ut transire Tibi, Tibi scribere plurima, nonne
Curta *Poësis* erit, si modò nulla legas ?
Quid legeres ? Nam Te laudabo, *Librumq;* sat est
Et *Libro* hic Laudis sit Tibi, *Tuq;* *Libro*
Qui quia cæssa videns, faveas : Infancia *Muse* est
Floris egena, carens *Scholarum*, nuda *Tropi*.
Et meliora *velim* ; Non meliora *volenda*,
Et mihi posse dabit, Qui mihi valla dedit.

Quisquis vult fieri, quod serò fit, Ille volendo
 Incipit, & qui sic perfluit, Ille facit.
 Scribimus hæc *Animus*, non *Auribus*; est pia *Messis*,
 Vult pius esse pij *Messis* Amoris Amor.
 Has *Tibi* Primitias *Me* reddere iussit *Amor*,
 Qui *Mibi* Te iunxit, *Me* *Tibi* iungit, *Amor*.
 ¶ *Castalus* ergo licet mihi penè exaruit *Humor*,
 Nostra nec *Acnys* Labra rigantur *Aquis*:
 Autamen irampo, & *Scatebras* perscrutor, ut undans
Pegasis Alveolo divite *Vena* meet.
 Ah unam effluerem *Vena* prædivitis undis,
 Fors inconsumptis ceu fluit uber aquis!
 Ah *Helicon* rapido nostrum riget amne *Labellam*!
 Imò *Helicon* totus *Musa* sit, esse cupit:
 Imò *Helicone* vel exhausto currentia pleno
 Carmina diffundam *Gurgite*. *Navis* eat:
 Vela, meus *Genius*; Tu, *Sydera*; *Carmina*, *Remi*;
Nauta, *Poëta*; *Salus*, *Vena*; *Poëma*, *Ratis*
 Quæ timet *Oceani* *Monstrum* irritabile, *Lingua*;
 sæpè *Rates* parvas hæc *Echenus* habet.
 Qui sed *Apas*, *Undas*q; timet, *Spinalq;* *Roseti*,
 Non *Mel*, non *Pisces*, non feret Ille *Rosas*.
 Ergo modò audendum, *Abundum* sulcabitur *Æquor*;
 Æquor *Amor*, tua *Laus* unda sit, aura *Favor*,
 Sit pro *Nave* *Manus* chartacea per *Freta* currens,
 Penhæsin hoc *Laudum* *Flumine* *Remus* adest.
 ¶ *Naumachiam* indico *Mare* *Atramemala* pererrans,
 Ista rudis *Muse* *Lis*, & *Amor* erit.
 Sit mea *Musa* *Pugil*, *Pugio*, *Stylus*; *Ensis*, *Acumen*;
Arcus, *Spes*; sit *Amor* *Dextra*, *Sagitta*, *Fides*.
Metrica collatis ineamus *Prælia* *Mulis*,
Victrix *Laurigeræ* *Musa* triumphet *Equis*.
Carminis quid *Tecum* certet? certemus *Amore*;
 In charo charum *Pectore* *Pectus* eris.
 Fons, *Metra*; *Religio*, *Nexus*; D E V S, *Ambor* *Amoris*;
 Sanctius hoc sancto *Pædere* *Ædus* erit?
 En *Duo*, non *Duo* sunt, *Unus* non *Vnus*, at *Vnus*
 Est duo, dum *Duo* sunt *unus*, & *Alter* idem.
 Quàm mihi dulce mori *Tecum*, quàm vivere dulce,
 Dulce mihi *Tecum* vivere, dulce mori.
 Quid *Tu* *Me* ergo paras, *Ego* quid *Te* vincere? Si *Tu*
 Sis *Ego*, simq; *Ego* *Tu*, *Victor* *Uterq;* sumus.
 Ipse tuam *Palmam* *Tibi* prætipis, optime *Vatum*,
Pænnaq; *Pugna* *Tibi*, *Pugnaq;* *Palma* *Tibi*.

Te Jure, & Paphia, & Apollin ambiat arbor;
 Remdet Honor, Nomen Gloria, Forma Tubam.
 Sisq; coronatus *Lauroq; Auroq;* POETIS
Virtute empta est Laus Laudis, Honoris Honos.
Roma olim Nemo *Templum* penetravit *Hesperii*,
 Cui non *Virtutis* *Ianua* pulsa foret.
 Si *Virtus*, si *Dia Fides*, *Pietasq;* coronent,
 Quis *Virtute*, *Fide*, Quis *Pietate* prior?
 Clari Alios decorant Tituli, quos Ipse decorat;
Virtuti ut cedit Stemma, ita Stemma *Tibi*,
Vestra Parens *Virtus*, *Fortuna Noverca*; tuiq;
Pars melior, peior, Mens, Status, undat, eget.
 Cur *Pedes* Ipse, & *Eques* *Frater*? *Fortuna Poëta*
 Cur *lusca* invidit? *Dura* negavit opes?
 QVARE cita Sortem; Sors, præmia; *Premia*, mentem;
Mens, *musam*; *Muse*, *Carmina*; *Carmen*, *Opes*.
 Pauper an esse potes, cui tantum *Patria* debet?
 Hæc referet *Meritis* *Dona* sat ampla tuis:
 (Proh! Quid reddetur? DEVS (*Hunc* si dixero solum,
 Omnia dicta putes) *Es*, *Honor*, *Imperium*.)
 Magna fuit quondam sacri *Reverentia* *Vatis*,
Premia *Quisq;* suis *Versibus* æqua tulit.
 Quondam! Fors sub Rege *Numa*, sub Consule *Bruto*,
 Ex quo *Carminibus* rarus habetur *Honos*.
 Fausa sub *Augusto* QVARE LVM *Lucina* dedisset?
 Dotibus *Ingeni*, jure dedisset *Opes*.
 Nostra autem non descendit, sed decidit *Ætas*,
Laudem ferre parant, *Æra* referre negant.
 Quid? *Diva* EL S A B E T H A *Thaleia* *Deabus*, amica *Anag.*
 His *Matrona* fuit, *larga Patrona* fuit:
 Cui nec opus *Statua*, satis est *statuisse* *stupenda*
Virtutis passim tot *Monumenta* suæ.
 Quid? Fuit *Odarum* *Fautorq;* *Authorq;* I A C O B V S,
 Quam *Psalmista* dedit *Davidicæ* *Melos*!
 C A R O L E succedis, *Vatum* *Britannumq;* *PATRONVS*,
 Et *Lumen*, *Columnen*, *Culmen* *Honoris* ades:
Regna I A C O B V S, * *Agros* * H E N R I C V S, C A R O L V S *Ora*s
Iungitis; exultent *Federe*, *Pace*, *Fide*.
 T E *Lyra* mulcet, amatq; *Leo*, servantq; *Leones*,
Lilia utrisq; *Rosis* T e recreare student.
 Multa *Corona* cadit *Pedibus*, *Tibi* ridet *Olympus*,
 Quaq; *viam* *carpis* *Lactem* *Orbis* ovat;
 Quot *Loca* Tu visis *Tibi* tot facis *aurea* *Regna*,
 Tam *spatiose* *Locis*, quam *speciosa* *Thronis*.

Ag: Ebor: &
 Lancastrien.
 Chronogram:
 Is Dar RO-
 s Is VNLO-
 NEM. Annq
 Dom. { 1485
 Regn { 31.

CAROLE, Tu Magna Mater, Tu Maxima. O cui
Quam MAGNUM; Decus est grandius esse PIVM.

Dum Carogenuis placet aspitare Propetis;
Spargis & Officijs Præmia iusta pips.

¶ Nonne Metra hinc vides, audit, & assiduat. Ecce
Quod cecinisse, Laborj quoddam tacuisse, Pudorj;

Scilicet Adriacæ prudens cum Plebe Senatus
* Zechinos * VATI bis modò mille dedit.

* Aureolus
apud Venet.
* Sannaz.

Effert Quæ mediis Caput Equorj, vidimus Urbem,
Nostrâ quod hanc Vesta Musa saluter, habet.

¶ Martia Roma jactet, Venera Urbis dum Martia surgit:
Marcus enim maior Martæ Patrobus adest.

Pondere stat, statat Aræ, Alu volat Vna per Orbem;
Pro Solido Huic Liquidum, pro Solidoq; Saturn,

Portus, Portus; Ager, Equorj; Equus, Ratus; Arx, Pæris; Claustr,

Mania; Pæris, Corpora; Corda, Duci:
Cui Galea est Læuorj; Mars, Palus; Galea, Triumphus.

Roma quod est, fuerat; quæ modò fuit, quod erat.
TV! Tibi vel Ræx, Cives facis; Vna Regentibus

Reffrix, Quæ Terra, Quæ dominaris Aquis.
Adria Cui Cælum est, Mæna Venerisq; advenas,

Quæq; Domus fixa est Stellæ, Plauina Ratis;
Quisq; Senator in hoc Deus est venerandus Olympæ,

Iugensq; atq; Animus non est Viget æquior usquam:
O si METROPOLIS nostra teneret idem

Iugenum, gratumq; Animum MAIORA CANENTI!
Vix caperent Latudes mille Theatra totis.

¶ NYMPHA, Cor & triplicis REGNI florentis Oracula,
Clara, antiqua, nitens, diues, amæna, potens;

Dudum Europæ inter celeberrima Nymphas
VIRGO, sed, enixo PRINCIPLE, læta PARENS;

Imperij regale Decus, Microcosmos Honorum,
Seu dare vis Terræ, seu dare Iura Mari:

Quod Tagus, aut Hermus, fert Pætholusq; per Vadas
Plenè congestum noximus hæretas.

Sesile deliciis Ebur India præbet, & Aurum,
(India ditando lassæ Ministra Tæge)

Ægyptus Calamos, Babylon Ardua, Sabæus
Thura, Palestinus Bahama, Traces Equos,

Æra Corinthus, Arabi Syraceni, Corsica Gemmas,
Ida Metalla, Saturnæ Supera, Creta Merum;

Sic Verona ferax, sperosa Lætia, Roma
Martigena, Urbis Veneranda Gemma, Pænna potens,

Splendida

Splendida solenter adest *Florentia* Civitas
 Quorum insunt ALIIS singula, juncta TIBI;
 Legibus æquus, beata Fide, concordibus Annis
 Blanda, Peregrinis hospita, largi Pija,
 Florida Paes, sicut verus, ebria Mercibus, undans
 Quæstibus, exultans Principe, Cive potens,
 Clara Viris, spatiosa Vijs, argentea Lymphis,
 Aureola Emportis, Gemmea Deliis,
 Vibram Apex, Procerumq; Altrix, Decorumq; Creatrix,
 Insula Amor, Thamisis Splendor, Opumq; Tumor,
 Regia Consilio, Oceani Regina, Cathedra
 Imperij, Splendens Fascibus, Orbis Honor,
 Omnibus illustis, Patria Stupor, unica Phoenix,
 Aptæ Salo, Cælo grata, benigna Solo.
 Si Terrarum Orbis quaquâ patet Annulus esset,
 Europa illius Gemma Decusq; foret;
 Annulus *Europe* spatiosa *Britannia*, Sedem
Londinum inq; Palæ ter speciosa tenet.
Thamisis, & *Thames* generatus, & *Isis* (serpens
 Aula ubi regalis quælibet una Domus)
 Dum T E, Regnator Fluvium, miratur Alumnus,
 sæpè retardatis lenè refluxit Aquis.
 Lucunda omnigenum subridet Munere Divum,
 Hic, mea quo spatio Musa triumphet, habet:
 Sit *Jove* Creta potens, sint clari ab *Apolline* *Delphi*,
 Et *Veneta* Vrbs, *Veneri* Nomine nota, miscet;
 Hic, pia Iura *Themis*, variasq; *Minerva* dat Artes,
 Herbida Prata, *Drias*; Carula *Nau*, Aquas;
 Mercibus omnigenis, & Bellis apta gerendis,
 Filia *Mercurij*, *Pallade* digna Soror;
 Quæq; Puella *Chara*, *Mars* Civis, *Jupiter* Ipsa
 Rex meus, & *Iuno* Regia Nupta, nitet.
 Mole novâ exultas, traheris majoribus Altris,
 In toto nullis Orbè Secunda manes.
 Multa volens transmitti; nec ultra quare, nec Urbem,
 Verum Orbem in tanta Mole videre puta.
 Heus Peregrine Tibi patet Vrbs, intrato, quid hæres?
 Vrbs hæc? Orbis adest. Orbis? an Orbis Hera?
 Nescio Quam dicam, minor est Vox omnis, at Ipsa
 Se benè LONDINVM dicere sola potest:
 Ad summum: doctis faver Artibus inclita, nec non
 QVA R L E, modo est Meritis grata futura tuis.
 Sed, memor unde ubij, rédeo. En in Honore POETÆ.
 Tempus erat: Tibi dant Præmia; Tempus erit.

§ Maſce Vir elapſi commendabiliſſime Sæculi
 Noſtri ESSEXIA CI. leſte Pyrope SOLII
 (Terra reſerta Bonis orat omnibus, effluit inde
 Quicquid habet Tellus, quicquid & Equor habet.)
 Scande triumphales, meritiſſime QVARRLE, Quadrigas;
 Cœlica ſublimem dat tibi Muſa locum.
 Ingenium Superis, Tibi mens contermina Cœlis,
Anglica ita Angelicum Pagina ſpirat opus.
 PRINCIPB TV ſolus dignus præſtante, nec ullus
 FRANCISCI PRINCEPS dignior ore cani.
 Cui totus ſe *Helicon*, totuſq; recludit *Apollo*,
 Quem ſibi *Pierides* Spemq; Metumq; putant;
 Quem non *Bilbilicus* Vates Epigrammate vincit,
 Carminis Heroi nec gravitate *Maro*,
 Quiq; *Anacron* tei ludis facundior *Odis*,
Flaccus Pindaricos dividis aure Melos,
 Digna q; *Peligno* qui, Carmina Vate profundis,
 Cuncta Vnus Cunctos qui ſuper Vnus ades.
 Omnes pone ſimul, quid vis, ſimul omnibus adde,
 Adde etiam poſt hæc addita, cuncta potes.
 Flumineus *Naſo* es, numerofus *Horatius*, altus
Virgilius, lepidus *Bilbilianus* Olor.
 Tam meat in facili genialis Gratia Verſu,
 Tam nitido ſuavia Carmine Vena fluit,
 Tam ſacra divina ſtelleſcit Gloria Lingua;
 Huic nihil invidium, quod modo velle, erat.
 Odi Ego difficiles ſalebras, inamabile Carmen,
 Aonio tinctum Nectare Carmen amo,
 Hic nihil hirtutum, nihil hæc mediocre *Minerva*
 Sed quod amet, ſtupeat Lector *Apollo*, dabit.
 Ecquis in adverſam Vates ſcendet Arenam?
 Quiſquis es, o *Phæbus* ſis licet, Ipſe veni.
 Omnia Muſarum ſauſto pede Regna ſubiſti:
 Quis ſperare ſibi tanta Trophæa queat?
 § Mitto Tibi auratum Calamum, namq; aurea ſcribis,
 Infectum; quò fit Cuspis, *Acumen* habes.
 Quid data lux *Phæbo*? Ponto, unda? robora, Sylvaſ
 Littori, arena? Polo, ſydera? gramen, Humo?
 Quid vel *Ariſteo* Mel miſſum? Vina, *Lyao*?
Triptolemo, Fruges? Penna, Metrumq; Tibi?
 § Jo triumphæ ſacris redimitus Tempora Plumis;
 Gloria Te meritò magna, nec una manet.
 Quotidiè accreſcet. *Juvenis* *Pellæu*, opinor,
 Si plus vixiſſet, viveret Ille minus.

Audiſtu.

Maxime

Maxime major eris MAGNO; Hunc Ne *Fama* perat
 Vita perit. Nonne hoc Ne moriare moris
 Tu FRANCISCVS eris seros celebrandus in Annos,
 Dum fuet à sacro *Pegasis* unda Iugo,
 Dumq; erit, Orbis honos, Aqua, Tellus, Ignis, & Aura,
 Cumq; Euro *Zephyrus*, cumq; *Aquilone Notus*,
 Dumq; erit, *Aethris* honos, Sol, Luna, Planeta, Bootes,
 Cumq; Eos *Aethon*, cum *Pyriente Phlegon*,
 Et dum Magniloquum cantabit Roma *Maronem*,
 Nunquam *Britannus* excidet Ille suis.
 Ingenium & Carmen FRANCISCI vivet honorum,
 Vivet dum mundo Carmen, & Ingenium:
 Non moritur, poteritve mori, cui *Fama* perorat,
 Laus loquitur, redolet Fructus, abundat Honor.
 Hic Musam, Hunc celebrem Illa facit, totumq; per Orbem,
 Non habet Illa sibi, non habet Ille parem.
 ¶ Docta triumphantes circudent Tempora *Laurus*,
 Rhedaq; inauratis Te vehat alba Rotis.
 DIVA Tibi omnipotens, cussa, effigiata, rotunda
 Serviat, & Cornu divite fundat opes.
 Quidnis Sacrificem, liceat, Tibi, simq; *Sacerdos*,
Vitima sint Versus, *Ara*, Cor, *Iguis*, Amor.
 Pone *Aras*, accende *Focos*, eade *Vitima*, Musæ
Quarlesia Versu, Corde, & Amore litem.
 Adjuro Te, FAMA, Nepotibus omnia narres,
 Notior ut toto nullus in orbe foret.
 ¶ In Libro quæ prima tuo s. laudemve secunda?
 Singula *Prima* Libro, nulla *Secunda* tuo.
 Sic ornas, sic texis Opus, Res, Verba, Decorem,
 Haud scio, quid prius, aut post, mediumve canam.
 Quò ferar angusto Musarum limite pressus?
 En *Labyrinthus* adest, & *Labor intus* inest.
 Sculptilibus Documenta, Metrisq; Soluta maritar,
 Ore Lepos, Animo est Gratia, Corde Fides;
 Sic Animam CHRISTO affigis, sacra *Biblia* sacris
 Patribus, & Lyricis das *Epigramma* tuis.
 Enucleata patent, Te *Exspice*, *Biblia*: Textus
 Non Consensus adest, si modò Sensus abest.
 Quid Sensus ratione carens? Ratio fidei expert?
 Quid sine amore Fides? aut Amor absq; DEO?
 Ah DEVS! aut nullo flagret mihi Pectus Amore,
 Aut solo flagret Pectus Amore tui!
 ¶ Scisq; DEVM, notumq; doces, doctumq; vereris;
 Praxis alit Cultum, quod canis, Author agis.

Carmen
 retrog.

Digna

Digna legi tuis, facis & dignissima scribi,
 Pagina nec minus est, quam Tibi *Pia* proba;
 Miraretur fors potius, Vitamvè, vel Ambo,
 Dum faciendâ notas, dumq; moranda facis?
 Quisquis agit luadendo, aut suadet agendo, beatus
 Ille: beatus es Tu, quod utrumq; Tibi;
 Tu meditanda facis, meditaris agenda, simulq;
 Quæ faciendâ doces, hæc *facienda* doces:
 Dum scribis faciendâ, docerisq; probandâ, *Poëta*
 Scripta probant doctum Te tua, Facta probum.
 ¶ *Rhetor* non *Rhetor*, meliorvè *Poëta* *Poëta*,
 Qui non culta magis, quam pia Corda facis,
 Est Tibi Vita, D E V S; Pietas, Lex; Gloria, CHRISTVS;
 Ius colis, Affectus suppressis, A *Q*ta regis.
 En pendè insculpta est media Prudentia Fronti
 Si tanta est Frontis, quanta ea Memis erit;
 Virtutem Genio, *Genium* Virtutibus ornas;
 Te colit ipse D E V S, dum colis *Ipse* D E V M;
 Quiq; D E V M verum vero cumulârit Honore,
 Hunc vero cumulat verus Honore D E V S.
 Dignum Re Carmin, Res carmine digna probatur,
 Optima Materies, optima & Artis opus.
 Nemo Metrum potiore Metro, Numerosvè præiit
 Nemo Materiam nobiliore tuos.
 Materies ô Ingenio dignissima tanto!
 O dignum tantâ Materie Ingenium!
 ¶ Dulcia, *Lectus*, amas? Nihil hic, nisi dulcia; *Lectus*
 Dulcia postponens Utile queris? adest:
 Si vel utrumq; velis; Liber hic tibi præstat utrumq;
 Dulcia queris? habet; Utile queris? habes.
 Dulcia sic miscet austero Sacchara *Baccho*,
 Suadent illa verus suavius ire Morum.
 ¶ Vis ergo omni *genio* Carthefia plena Lyco?
 Virq; tuis spument singula Vina Cadis?
Massica, *Cacaba*, *Crevica*, *Rhœtica*, *Chia*, *Palerna*?
 An tua, *Rhene*, placens? *Meno*, an amœna tua?
 Caligenum pleno bibere hic licet *Ore* *Lycum*.
 Quare agendum; caleat Vena repleta *Mero*:
 Falle *Diem*, *stern* *Serta*, *Scyphum* cape, tingere *Harbo*,
 Si Tibi Cura *MRI*, sic Tibi Cura *MRI*.
 Quid? Sed opus *Menti* set hoc, non *Verbo*. Abundâ
 Copia *Lactu* adest, copia *Mellu* inest.
 Navus enim *Naum* per amœna *Rosara*, *Ratrum*;
 Hic, illic libans, mellen *Donâ* legas,

Gustus.

Sic per odoriferas errant *apud antiquos* Campos
 Convehit in proprios *horca* Mella Favos.
 Tale Mel ipsa suis nunquam dedit *Hybla* Colonis,
 Tale nec *Enna* suis, tale nec *Ætna* suis.
 Vincitur ipsa *favi* *Formatrix* *dædala*: *Labra*
 Illic, hic sacro *Viscera* inelle fluunt,
 Non ibi Mel sine *Cera*, hic, hic *lincera* *Voluptas*,
 Mellea *Musa* merum *Melq;* merumq; *Merum*.
 ¶ *Nectare* Crateras *spumantes*, L E C T O R, *anhelas*;
 Hujus in *Eloquio* *Nectaris* unda salit;
 Fundit Is *æthereâ* *plenas* *Dulcedine* *Guttas*,
 Gratiùs *omnigeno* *Nectare*, *Mella*, *Mera*.
 Emoriar, si non hic *Dulcor* inebriet *Artus*;
 Ebria *nectareo* *Gaudia* *Fonte* *secent*.
 ¶ *Cura* *salutiferum* est ad *Vitam* accedere *Fontem*;
 Hic *Fons* est, à quo *Vita*, *Salusq;* fluunt,
 Ista *Scaturigo* placeat *præ* mille *Scatebris*,
 Ex quâ *Besbeside* profuit *Humor* *Aquæ*.
 Dulce fluens *Liquor* iste *Fibris* infunditor *ipfis*,
 Ut *Tibi* *viva* *sacræ* *Vena* *resulet* *Aquæ*:
 Unda hæc *exiliens* *Potabile* *spumat* in *Aurum*,
 Undè *replere* *Sitim*, non *satiare* *potes*.
 Quod *Tagus* *aureflûâ* dat *Aquâ* *minorescit* *ademptum*:
 HIC mihi quo *plûs* dat, *plûs* *scetet* *inde* *Sibi*.
 ¶ *Ambitiosa* *Gula* est *in* *Cordi* *Tibi* *Plasius* *Alis*,
Ostrea, *Salmo*, *Leopu*, *Sturio*, *Mullu*, *Elops*;
 Pro *Mensâ*, hic *Liber* est; pro *Mappâ*, hic *al'ba* *Pagrus*;
Condimenta, *Sales*; *Carmina* *sacra*, *Dapes*;
 Pro *Patinis*, *Pictura*, & sunt pro *Carne*, *Camæne*,
 Et *Quadrîs* *quadrant* hic *Numeri* *innumeri*.
 Hic *Manna*, *Ambrosia* hic *cælestibus* *illita* *succis*,
 Omnis in hac *Escâ* est *Esta*, *Sapore* *Sapor*.
 Hic Mihi *Se totum* dat C H R I S T V S, & omnia *Secum*,
 Quæ *Mare*, quæ *Tellus*, quæ vel *Olympus* *habet*:
 Quorum *et* *solis* non *pauca* *absumimus* *horis*,
 Non *fugit* *ulla* *Panes*, non *fugit* *ulla* *Sitis*.
 O quando hæc *nostram* *saturabit* *Copia* *Mentem*!
 Quando *dabit* *plenas* *hæc* *mihi* *Mensâ* *Dapes*!
 ¶ *Quisquî* *adde* *lector*, *has* *Spectator*, *amorum*
 Hoc *Opus* *Affectus* *provocet* *ergo* *tuos*.
 Hætenus *humano* *Sapientia* *pangitur* *Ore*,
 Nunc *verò* *humanâ* *pingitur* *illa* *Manu*:
 Ut *dubites*, *docto* *animagè* *demirere* *recisa*
Æra *Stylo*, an *doctâ* *Scripta* *notata* *Manu*,

Visas,

Pingendo

Pingendo docet hic Scriptor, pingitq; docendo;
 Atq; Animum gemina fascinat arte tuum,
 Ut si non poterit Virtus nisi visa placere,
 Plus oculis poterit picta placere tuis.
 (Picta & scripra foret tua Laus, si Pictor *Apelles*,
 Et simul Ille tuus Scriptor *Apollo* foret.)
 Vivida *Christifidis* varias Emblemata *Rythmis*
 Cedat *Apelleo* picta colore *Venus*,
 O quam multa docet paucis Emblemata! rerulū
 Aspectu informant Signa polita Caput.
 ¶ Vis Hominumq; Deūq; Oculis speciosus habent
 Temet ad hoc *Speculum* respice, finge, lava.
 Cœlestes oculos *Speculum* cœlestē requirit;
 Et videt incassum, qui sine Mente videt.
 Consulto nunquam saturentur Lumina visu,
 Vsq; frequens Oculos pascat Imago tuos.
 Quod magis atq; magis Memet juvat usq; tueri,
 Hæc minū & vanus fio, minūq; levis.
 ¶ Quisquis ades, tacitā quæ venit ab *Icone* vocem
 Hauri; etiam *Surdis* possit *Imago* loqui.
 O quam Te semper memorem, FRANCISCE! *Figuras*
 Mutas facundas qui facis arte tuā!
 ¶ Marmora det maculola *Chios*, liventia *Lesbos*,
 Alba *Paros*, nigra *Lybi*, versicolora *Thasos*,
 Picturata *Paphos*, guttataq; *Thebai* auro,
 Angue & *Ophites*, ac Vngue notatus *Onyx*:
 Marmora *Apollolicis* præbes excisa *Fodinis*,
 Illustrata mihi *Palladis* arte tuæ,
 ¶ Picta triumphalem Sol nubila lunet in Arcum;
 Proferat illustres Pavo superbus opes:
 Si Color, & variā Lux Iride Lumina pascant,
 Lux hæc est melior Luce, Colore Color.
 Hic mare *Sapphiri* viridans, hic purpura & ignis,
 Sive *Anethyste* tuus, sive *Pyrope* tuus.
 Scintillans proprio stellat *Carbunculus* Igne,
 Adq; superna sacrum Sydera monstrat iter;
 Fulgor hic *Argenti* radios perstringit, & *Auriz*
 Quantum lucefcis, Lux mea, Luce Libri!
 Quippe Liber Sol est, sunt Sydera Metra: perennē
 Lux, precor, in nostro luceat ista polo.
 Exultate novum Mundo lucefcere Solem,
 Cujus Luce *Dies* ingeminata stupet:
 Qui *Iubar* accendit, cujus per devia claro
 Lumine Virtutis semita recta patet.

Per duodena meat *Sol* æthere Signa; sed hic *Sol* *Q*uoque
 Per quindena (Icon signa sit) *Astra* meat.
Phæbe, quid igni duos, Fons Luminis, oculis *Axēs* *Q*uoque
 Splendet an hæc nova lux clarior Igne tuo?
 Imò quidē splendet Lux hæc præclarior; *Ipse* *Q*uoque
 Vmbra Corporibus, Mentibus *Iste* fugat.
 Sole cadente nigrum fuscatur nox lauida Mundum;
 At Radios *hic Sol* post sua Fata dabit;
 Qui si dignetur Radijs lustrare Favoris,
 Nesciet Eclipsin *Cynthia* nostra pati.
 ¶ An *Lituos*, *Cybaras*, *Psalteria*, *Cymbala*, *Conchas*, *Q*uoque
Organa, *Nabla*, *Lyras*, *Lympæa*, *Sistra*, *Tubas*,
 Mixtaq; cum *Fedibus*, *Testudinib; sonoris*
Cornua, *Sambuca*, *Barbita*, *Plectra*, *Cheles* *Q*uoque
 LECTOR, an ætheris instillari auribus *Hymnos*,
Angelicūq; DEO concinuisse *Melos* *Q*uoque
 (Assidue quorum alta sonant *Tenoria* plausu)
Istam, an *illa* velis? En Tibi malle tuum.
 Bis Puer, & Fungis Fungus magis omnibus, *Orbis* *Q*uoque
Cymbala, præ *Cantu Calite*, si quis amas.
 ¶ Seu numeris celebrem sublimibus aptat IOBVM,
 Commodat anglicis seu *SALOMONA* *Lyrā*,
 Seu sacra *IIRMIAE* desinet Lamenta *Propheta*,
 Seu magē *COETICOLÆ* gessa referte velit,
 Seria seu pangis pia, vermiculata *Lepore*,
 Sive Emblematicum, Vir pie, *pingu* opus,
 Seu blando faciles demulces pollice *Chordas*,
 Seu sine felle *locos*, non sine melle *Satis*,
 Seu sit *Epos* melicum, seu sit mellitus *Iambus*,
 Sive *Elegeia* sagax, sive *Epigramma* sequax,
 Seu numeros, numeris seu verba soluta profundis,
 Tu, quod utramq; Aurem in ulceat, *Author* habes.
 ¶ Cum rudibus ferveret aquis Mare mulcet ARION,
 Huic *Psaltæ* *Delphin* Vector amicus erat:
 Hic mare sit *Mundus*, *Cælum* Tibi portus, & aura
 CHRISTVS, quiq; vehat, *Mors* Tibi *Delphis* erit.
 Te sequar, o sacra *Fidicen* numerosē *Camœnz*,
 Cordis, ut auscultent Te, freta pulsa silent.
 Te veniente tūmet, Te decedente recedit
Castali: Arbitrio statq; finitq; tuo.
 ORPHEA, Fama refert, *Pisces*, *Volucresq;*, *Pera* *Q*uoque
Infernumq; Canem conciliasse *Lyrā*.
 TV potes exanimis Voces animare *Lepore*,
Languidq; altisonis tollere *Verba* modis.

Martial

Voces

Voces, Chely, Modula, Serpens, Orpheus, Philomela

Vicisti, atq; Trium quod fuit, Unus habes.

Bruta Orpheus, Saxa, Amphion, Delphinus, Arion

Ducat. Sint illi singula, iuncta Tibi.

Saxa, Peras, Pisces moveant Fides, dum regis Fides

Dira, cruenta, ferocis, Tartara, Monstra, Viros.

Dulcisonis plenus Numeris, fers Pectora lenis,

Ditum Animum placis, Corda erant regit

Languentes relevas, Relevas enigis, Ipsos

Erethos Idem perficis, Hicq; beat.

¶ Cantat, & ascendit, Vox tyndera mulcet, Alauda

Tu super Astra ferens Laude, es, Alauda, P. E. V. M.

En Nemus exordant Philomela, & Acanthi evantes

Guttore, mulceres. Adra Blanditijs:

Dant sine Mente Sonos, illic ore silavia fundatq;

Carmen at Astra, non lucida Ipse canis.

Quas non Delicia, concubus ebriogulis,

Quas non Latibet, Tu, L. Y. R. A. V. I. V. A, creas:

Dulcissimo quoties numerosa Pectine Lingua

Corda loquens, toties obliuipfata quatit.

Deliquit, Pectus mihi languens Spiritus; hoc hoc

Deliquit, Ariana, Deliquit, me.

Ah rapis, mihi Cor Concrevit, his mihi raptum

Reddit, & Marmoreis; sic simul ire placet,

Sic simul Aenys Afflatibus opto redire;

Exitus ah foelix Me, Redimusq; iuvat

Hic, illic; Absens, Presensq; Vivis, Tacensq;

Petre, refertis Gracia, si, nec esse thet.

¶ Te Chely, ergo canit, recinat Lyra, Buccina clangat,

Te sonet aurata blanda, Tibi A. L. I. A. Fide,

Barbiton & Pulsu resonet Te ad Carmina Nemus,

V. R. A. N. I. A. herdam percuriente Chely.

Et stuporem duplici nesciat Nemus omnia Voces,

Tuq; Echo letis associanda Choris.

Sic Calum, atq; Salum, atq; sedem quatit, orant

Laude Salum, Calum Voce, Canore Salum.

Eternum fileat qui nunc fileat Improbus ipsa

Cum Maria, & Tonia, & hydra visu loqui.

¶ Succina, Thura, Cedem, Opobalsama Naribus optas;

Syracem Ladanium, Bellia, Narda, Crocum;

Myrrham, & odoratis, Aloes, Indaotia Lignis,

Mixtaq; Muscata Cinnama grata Nuce?

Quicquid Arabi, Seraph, ferunt, & odorifer Indus,

Quicq; Hispana nova Puppis ab Orbe tulit;

Amant.

Odoratus.

Spirita

Spica Cilissa pius Calamus, & *Aroma* Libellus;
 Qualis in hoc tegitur *Cortice Tharu* odor!
Thurs Precum redolet mihi Cor, *Myrrhâq;* Dolorem,
 Qui pia vota facit, *Thurs* dedit Ille D E O.
Thurs, aurum, & *Myrrham* Fidei offert; C H R I S T E P e t e,
 Sulcipe R E X *Aurum,* *Myrrham* H O M O, *Thura* D E V S.
 Fundit odorifero pretiosa *Opobalsama* Nimbo,
 Elysium sacro fragrat odore Nemus.
Thurs cumulat *Cassj;* *Croca* *Nardu,* *Balsama* *Myrrhu,*
 Ebria odore bibit *Naru,* & haurit opes,
 Nil, nisi *Nectareu* pluuit istis Nubibus Imber,
 Nil, nisi & *Ambrosias* venrilat aura Dapes.
 ¶ Expetis omnigenis gemmantem Floribus *Hortum,*
 Suavis ubi vernas F L O R A profundit Opes,
 Quando novo *Zephyro,* genialis, sceta *Marito*
 Florum *Reginas* parturit a lma *Rosas,*
Reginasq; *Rosas,* & Florum *Lilia* *Reges,*
 Quæ roseo, ambrosio & Rere, & Odore fragrant?
 Ambigeres, quæis datnè *Rosis* A V R O R A Ruborem,
 An capit, Ardet ita hæc *Purpura,* Veris honos.
 Quid *Color* hic, vel *Odor* si infesto *Cortice* Vincus
 Aëriæ remex non queat ire Vias?
 Quid sibi subridet brevis ista *Diecula* Formæ,
 Si spreta auricomæ *Spina* marita *Rosa* est?
 Vix satis & apta mihi! Tibi quàm bene convenis *Istud,*
 Vno nata fui, viva, vieta Die.
 Hic, R O S A perpetui *Veru,* *Mayq;* perennis,
 Author **Dorotheas* efflat ab ore *Rosat.*
 ¶ Si varii placeant uno de steinmate *Fructus,*
 Albaq; *Narciss,* flavaq; *Texta* *Croci,*
R's maru, & *Tyrios* imitata *Papavera* *Coccos,*
 Et *Caliba* aureolz, *Phœbis* equzq; Comæ,
Fronde nitens, & *Flore* comans, *Fructuq;* triumphans
 En Arbor, *Gemmis* vermiculata, præit
 Floribus *Argentum,* *Aurum* Pomis, *Fronde* *Smaragdos;*
 Hic, quæ *Dodomam* vicerat, Arbor adest,
 Quàm mulcent *Aura,* firmat *Sal,* educat *Imber* :
Fructus fructu, *Flo* flore, colore *Color*
 Gratior hic omni. *Paradisi* en calitû *Hortum!*
Hesperidum, pereat, quod *Draco* servat *Agri,*
 Quicquid & *Hesperio* *Chloris* lepidissima *Campo,*
 Quicquid & *Alcinou,* *Flora,* *Pomona* tenent ;
 Quæis permulsa *Domus* iucundo ridet *Odore* :
 Quàm melior subito hæc flamine spirat *Odor!*

Lege Vitz
 S. Doroth.

I Croce cum Nardis, Calthas, ac Iris, &c.
 Hic mihi Calthas, Crocus, Nardus, & Iris erit.
 Has mihi posco Rosas, hæc Mala, hæc Lilia posco,
 Nescia Marcoris Lilia, Mala, Rosas.
Ver Flores, Aestas, Seges, Autumnus & Uvas
 Præbet; ei, Vno, Animæ Flos, Seges, Vva men.
¶ CAM BRIGIA, alma Patens, cum Te spectasset in Herbæ
 Quos olim Ilavæ hæc, ait, Nerha dabit!
 Conspicias Tyris Violas producet in Ostra,
 Hæc dabit, indutas Murice, Virga Rosas.
 En Viola, ecce Rose; superasti Fructibus Annos,
 Floribus Hebdomadas, Seminibusq; Dies.
 Proh quis Odori, Lux qualis! at O! — que Musæ menti!
 Balsama, Gemma, Lyra sunt præciola minus;
 Hic Oculi, hic Memi trahor, trahor Auribus, hæc
 Bella Tabella Oculis, Ora Mali, Aura Malos,
 Elysium Tempe Tibi, LECTOR, & aurea Lingos
 Germi in exiguum lecta Poluenda habes.
 Carpe Puer Flores, Virgo tibi necde Corollas,
 Seminat, & spargit quæ sine Fine metas.
¶ FLORA veni, sed casta veni, comitata Camænia,
 Ferte huc, huc Veru si quis amoenat Honos.
 Flora ferat Violas, Serpylla Cythæru, Adonin
 Cypris, Narcissum Chloru, Idyia Rosas.
 Huc tibi Moro Mauri, Vaccinio Iberi,
 Et Viola tinctus Sermasa, & Angia Rosæ.
 Flores Quiss; Manu proprios tondeto, & orantes
 Huc simili plenos Flore refero Sinus.
 Floriferis lætæ Charittas cistere Canistris,
 Pars Thyma, Pars Tulipas, Pars Melilothu habes
 Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, Palyhymnia, Pallas,
 Terpsigore, Uranie, Suada, Thais, Charis,
 (Mira vides, at vera vides, & Pallada, & Ipsas
 Vndenis Nymphas stare novem Pedibus)
 Cinctus & omni genis huc Tempora Floribus adsis
PHOE BE, omnes Misa, Lucæ, Calore fovens;
 Iunge Hederam Lauri, Myrtum subtexe Ligustru,
 Alba vercupandu Lilia pinget Rosi;
 His redimi Caput Omni merentis; adornet AMICI
 Laure, Hederæ, Myrto texta Corona Comas.
¶ Vos qui Mellifluz colitis sacra Numina Suade,
 Hic parvo omni genas Aere paratis Ope;
 Dives hic Astræum Gemmarum depluit Imbrem,
 An magno hoc matis Munere Minus erit?

Non habet ille suum Pretium. superatq; Libellus
 Tartarus five eror, five Calcaratus;
 Et prodesse potest, & delectare Lyrinus;
 Non sapio, aut Etas, si sapit, Ista sapit.
 ¶ Non subit Errorum; Critica mendacia Lingua
 Fortè subibit; adest Lividus, — Error abest.
 Anipositi Pieratis erant qui Insignia credent
 Hac meruisse legi, nec meruisse legi;
 Truceant in Segnem Quisquis Zephyrus spargit
 Ne pereat, sapiat; nō sapiat, perdat;
 Invidiose & ENB X, Capite A olus, Ore Lyent,
 Remigibus genitus, sed modò factus Eques,
 QV AR LO aspat, Baris MEC EN X A S — & Pie salve
 MEC EN A S, atavie editi Remigibus!
 Irrita Te lusti Spes, Quid scabis OPTIME? Crinus
 Netere, — Græci pergit, — sponte fluent,
 Hoc, velut in Speculo, TE TOTVM conspice Versus;
 Sic erit hic aliquid quod placeat; TIBI, TV;
 Parce Olo, & Lychus; TEMET sine Luce tuas;
 Hoc satis. Ah de TE velle silere Sare est,
 Dic precor at fodes (& vera fatere Precam)
 Quid Libro possis carpere MOME — Tater.
 ¶ Bibliopola; Libri QV AR LV S si proditur Author;
 Omnis in hoc V ATVM Nomine Pama niter;
 Præferat Authori sac tantum Pagina Nomen,
 Mox operis Lectum Quilibet esse volet.
 Felicem quem Divini pia cura Libelli
 Tangit, & obsecsum Nocte Dieq; tener,
 Qui scrutans Præcepta DEI se oblectat in illis,
 Et nihil, Hac extra quod mediteatur, habet:
 Hunc lege (namq; Tibi seritur metiturq;) Inventus,
 Perlege, Opus quamvis sit breve, Multa sapit,
 Hunc relege, hunc Animo sepeli, Facisq; Libellum
 Exprime. Plùs Librum est degere, quàm legere.
 Fundere Aquas, legere est; De Flumine? Lumine; Fonte
 Frange; ita, non aliter vult Liber iste legi.
 Mira loqui, sed vera licebit; HIC omnia legit
 Qui primo in Libri Limine POE XIT VIT.
 ¶ Lassa Manus, nec Tempus adest, stant Præla; POESIS
 Non ornanda igitur, sed peragenda Mihi.
 Quid Metra cruda petunt Elego Pede? Virgo Papyrus
 Nobiliore manet consocianda Stylo.
 Versibus ah nimis meæ Septa recepta; fruuntur
 Metra metro; Finis sine, Modusq; modo.

Tandem QVINTVS adess ACTVS: Veniant date; nullum
 Cum Scelus est nimium, præter amasse, meum.
 Scribere Religio hæc Partusq; vel ethica cogit,
 (Si modo quis cogit, quod cupit Ipse, potest.)
 Non Laudem, Veniant; Memem, non Carmina iacio.
 Tam mihi velle sat est, quam bona posse dare
 Symbola, Arrba, Typus. METRA, MORA, AMOR, HONOR,
 Consecro LECTORI Hæc, COP TIBI, MEQ; TVIS.
 ¶ QVARE vale, vigeas: Sis TE Felicior IPSO.
 Funus, non Finis, sed Tibi Funus erit:
 Par Ea, quæ moriens, vis facta fuisse: sed AVTHOR
 Non Monitor egens, Hæc agit, egit, agit.
 (Quid profit totum lucrari posse vel Ordem,
 Lactura est Anima si facienda suæ?)
 Felix qui DOMINO, dum detur vivere, vivit;
 Et DOMINO morari, cum venit Hora mori.
 Cygnorum nixæ Tibi sint, ad Tempora Plumæ:
 Sed maneat mediæ Q; roseæ Nivibus.
 Verè Hyeme in mediâ, Sit Maius Mense Decembri,
 Sitq; tripes Etas, Sis tamen IPSE Bipes.
 CVI sine Nocte Diem, Vita sine Morte, Quietem
 Det sine Fine DIES, VITA, QVIESq; DEVS.
 Non ut ME redames, sed TE patiaris amari,
 Hanc nostri Metam Summa Laboru habet.
 ¶ Plura quidem vellem, sed detur velle parenti,
 Pondereq; oppresso, posse silendo loqui.
 Hæc satis atq; super. DILECTO Nil super optem;
 Nil superest, faciam; quod superest, Taceam.
 Dum stupet, taceo. Satis HVNC dixisse putandum,
 SE Quicunq; satis dicere posse, negat.

E: ilog.

MVSA Pede ægra iacet, Recubatq; POEMA Podagrâ:
 Constatum, si iam LECTOR, ut AVTHOR, adess

Anagr.

BENEVOLUS.

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